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Simms, William Gilmore
Michael Bonham

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MICHAEL BONHAM:

OR,

THE FALL OF BEXAR.

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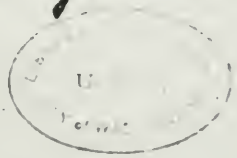
THE FALL OF BEXAR.

A TALE OF TEXAS.

IN FIVE PARTS.

BY A SOUTHRON.

Wm. Gilmore Simms



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MICHAEL BONHAM;
OR, THE FALL OF BEXAR.

The tale which follows, was originally prepared with a view to performance. Subsequently, however, I have persuaded myself that it would read better as a story. The reader will find that I have taken some liberties with the historical facts in the leaguer and taking of the town and castle of San Antonio de Bexar; but the history will suffer little from my freedoms, while, I believe, the story gains by them.

—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Texians.

Col. Milam, *Chief of the Texians.*
Michael Bonham, *Second in Command.*
David Crockett, *Ex-Member of American Congress.*
Alabama Davis, *Orderly.*
Richard Harris, *A Mossy Hunter.*
Sparrow, *An Age Feeder and Wit.*
Kennedy: *Flag.*
Texian Soldiers, &c.
Ellen Harris, *Wife to Richard Harris, but in disguise as Billy Harris.*

Mexicans.

Don Esteban de Montenegros, *Governor of Bexar.*
Don Pedro de Zavalo, *Suitor to his Daughter.*
Governor's Secretary.
Bravo.
Mexican Soldiers.
Masquers, &c.
Donna Olivia de Montenegros, *Governor's Daughter.*
Donna Maria de Pacheco, *her Cousin.*
Duenna of Olivia.
Jacistha, *Attendant on Maria.*
Characters in Bal Masque.

—

PART I.—SCENE I.

Time, Afternoon. Texian Bivouack among the hills—a wild, mountainous country in the back ground. Fires scattered about as in an Encampment of Hunters. Groups of Texians seen disposed in picturesque situations, and in wild and various costume—chiefly the hunting shirt—but some of them clothed in buffalo and deer skins, all armed with bowie-knife and rifle. Songs and laughter, at intervals and from a distance. Sentries disposed in the distance. Enter a group upon the foreground.

Sparrow. No sign of supper yet! My nose brings me no intelligence. Mere smoke, common smoke all, (*snuffs the breeze,*) as if there were any need of the fire before the butcher has dressed the meat.

Davis. What, old fellow, still growling? That stomach of yours keeps you very unhappy.

Sparrow. 'Tis I that keep my stomach unhappy! That I should deliberately put myself in a situation where so excellent a member may never be pacified! Here, too, where I offer so prominent a mark for a Mexican bullet. But did'st somebody say something about supper?

Davis. No one but yourself; we spoke of fighting, or skulking—any thing but supper.

Sparrow. Not a word of fighting until I am fed. I won't fight on an empty stomach. The Yankee may do that, not I. I'm of the genuine John Bull breed, though I never saw the island—which I suppose furnishes the best grazing country in the world. I may never see it,—but I shall live and die with the pious conviction that it's the only part of the world in which they have any proper idea of what's due to a human stomach.

Davis. Well, certainly, Sparrow, you show the blood if any man; but what was that you said of Yankee fighting? Now, when I'm out of the States, I acknowledge the Yankee myself. When I'm at home, its quite another thing.

Sparrow. Something I heard a hundred years ago in a sort of comparison 'twixt Bull and Jonathan.

Davis. Let's have it.

Sparrow. It's short, my lad, as your mother's blessing. Bull, then, you must know, won't fight till he's had his belly full, while Jonathan will never fight after. Give Bull his breakfast, and he will use his bayonet with as much certainty of victory, as the Mussulmans have of Paradise when going into battle. But beware how you give Jonathan a bite. You must only show him his dinner—let him only smell the smokes from the cook-pot and see the enemy at the same moment, keen of appetite as forty Indians, making after it. Your Yankee will then prove himself an ugly customer. He will fight worse than any Turk.

Davis. Very good, and that was a say—

Sparrow. A hundred years ago, more or less. You remember it was to save *their stores* that they fought at Concord.

Davis. But Lexington?

Sparrow. Well, then it was to save their *bacon!* But, look you, Davis, as you regard my happiness in this life, tell me, hasn't Crockett gone out after game?

Davis. Will he find it? He don't know the country.

Sparrow. Pshaw! I've fed well in the States. Have I lost my nose for roast or boiled, now that I'm in Texas? The good hunter no more loses his sense for hunting on strange ground, than I do for eating. The same instinct is at the bottom of both faculties. You must show that the animal and the appetite change as well as the country: and that we know from sacred writ is out of the question. *Calum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

Davis. What's that?

Sparrow. Camanche, if not Latin. It means that even when a man's half seas over, his nature undergoes no change. He still feeds, and fights, and frolics, as he did before. Hark! what's that? [*Horn sounds.*

Davis. A horn! It sounds like Crockett's.

Sparrow. Now bless the babe! I have an instinct that he brings in something of better flavor than himself. My nose is monstrous keen. My appetite is a marvellous faculty

Richard Harris, [*coming forward and putting his hand on Sparrow's shoulder*] Old man, enough of this!
Wait like a man.
Be patient. Don't be howling like a beast,
When meat is scarce in the forest.

Sparrow. Like a beast!
Why, true, I have a wolfish appetite.
But, beast! Old fellow: hark you, don't you eat?

R. Harris. I must suppose I do: I live.
Sparrow. Art never hungry?
R. Harris. Never!
Sparrow. What! Never hungry?
R. Harris. Never, that I know.
Sparrow. Heaven save me from this man! Keep us asunder!
Send us apart. See to it, Orderly,
Put me at right or left, the wing or centre,
But never where he goes. He has no bowels,
Is never hungry, or he never knows it.
Can such a man be human? He is surely
A *lusus*—what's the name—a something Latin,
Meaning a monster.
R. Harris. You're right. I am a monster;
I feel like one—a very savage monster,
The hair growing inward.
Sparrow. I believe it all. I can believe any thing of a person who is never conscious of the delights of hunger—the keen provocation, the sharp instigation of the bowels, to kill and eat—an inspiration, I verily believe, that comes only from the soul. The soul is, indeed, the true source of human appetite. It is the immortal giving counsel to the mortal nature how to take care of itself. A man who never receives any such divine intimations—do you hear me, Harris?
R. Harris, [*fiercely.*] Did you speak?
Sparrow. Did I speak! Decidedly wolfish. Yes, I spoke. I said—to think that all my good things have been thrown away upon him. Yes. I say that the man who never receives any divine intimations of appetite, cannot possibly have a soul at all. Chew upon that, old Lupus.
R. Harris. Would it were so. Methinks it *must* be so.
Sparrow. It is so. Never doubt it. Never hungry! To talk after such a fashion when there's not a man in the mess not ready to eat up his grandmother, as the wolf ate up Little Red Ridinghood, bones and all. Why—
Davis, [*whispers.*] No more. The fit is on him.
Sparrow. What fit! Eh, well. But I have my fit too, and just now the symptoms are very earnest about the diaphragm. I must have something to excite—some—something. Ah, lad, come forward, [*to W. Harris.*] A pretty little fellow truly, and modest. Hark ye, child, was it not you who regaled my supperless senses last night with a song—a sort of ballad; a most woful, sweet affair, very lovelorn and comforting.
W. Harris, [*coming forward timidly.*] I didn't mean to disturb your sleep, sir. I—
Sparrow. And who tells you that you did? No, no. You didn't disturb me. You did me a service. Positively, your song made me half forget my hunger, though I had been dreaming, only a minute before, of canvas back ducks at the Balize. You shall sing for me again. Your name's—eh!
W. Harris. Harris. William Harris, sir.
R. Harris, [*curiously.*] How! Harris! *That* your name?
W. Harris, [*timidly.*] It is, sir.
R. Harris. Where from? What family?
W. Harris. From Tennessee. I have no family.
R. Harris. My name, before I left the States, was Harris, too. Now, it is nothing.
Sparrow. Nothing, indeed! You're a whole State yourself. You represent yours of Mississippi most admirably. An empty stomach in a man is not much unlike an empty treasury in a State, and he who never feels hunger may certainly pass for a most incorrigible repudiator. But sing for us, my boy, sing, though you can find nothing more appropriate to the occasion than

'The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string.'

W. Harris. I'm out of voice. I'm hungry like the rest.
Davis. Truth, lad, you look it. You are both hungry and suffering. Now, that I look at you particularly, I wonder what could have brought you here to Texas.
Sparrow. Why wonder! What brought me, I wonder. The lad heard no doubt of the famous buffalo tongues. Wasn't it the buffalo tongues that brought you boy? If you have the gift of tongue at all, you must answer as I wish.
R. Harris, [*curiously.*] You're but a child yet, boy—a very weak one.
You'll scarcely do for fighting. With that face,
(It has the favor of some one I have known,)
It would not seem you loved it.
W. Harris, [*drooping.*] I've never fought.
R. Harris. 'Tis easy, once begun. But wait your time.
It is not hard to die. That truth, once known,
And you will chide the death-shot that goes by,
Seeking all hearts but yours. The danger then
Comes like your sleep or supper.
Sparrow. Not a word
Of either, I beg of you, till Davy comes.
The song, the song. Sing for me little Willy,
You have a singing face, most like a woman's.
And that reminds me of my cousin Sally,
The cleverest creature at an oyster party—
How the soul treasures its first principles—
That ever sung to sauce it. You shall sing me.
W. Harris. I cannot, sir. I do not feel like singing.
R. Harris. Yet, last night I heard you,
When no one asked, and no one seem'd to listen,
Piping as wofully as a woman might
Over her buried lover.
W. Harris. Did *you* hear me?
R. Harris. I did;
And curse me, but the silly thing you sang,
A something in the language or the music,
Brought back to me a long sad history,
With many a gush of water to the springs
I had thought drained forever. [*He buries his face in his hands.*
W. Harris. Did you then weep!
Davis, [*aside to S.*] He may well ask him that. It's a bad sign when such a man weeps, or is melancholy before going into battle. He's a marked man, I tell you. He'll get his despatches, among the first, from some Mexican bullet. Such a change! From a rough, quarrelsome fellow, to a sort of good-natured melancholy.
Sparrow. Pshaw! It's hunger; only he don't know it. A good supper will bring all things right. Hunger shows itself differently in different persons. Some it makes particularly civil; others particularly savage: some it makes mad, while it makes a different class only sentimental and poetical.
Davis. How does it affect you?
Sparrow. Can't you see? It makes me contemplative and philosophical.
Davis, [*aside.*] Observe them.
R. Harris. 'Tis very strange, perhaps, that I should weep,
But, were all known—
W. Harris. What all! If what were known?
R. Harris. Ha! wherefore do you gaze into me thus?
What art thou, boy; what can it be to thee,
This knowledge? Do you question me?
W. Harris. No, no;
No question. I but heard you say—

R. Harris. Is't strange, do you think, that a grown man should feel
That he has been a monster in his day,
And would be sorry for it.
W. Harris, [*eagerly.*] Oh, are you sorry?
R. Harris. What's that to you, or any man on earth?
What's it to any here? [*Looking round fiercely.*
Sparrow. He'd pipe awhile,
Would any one but dance.
R. Harris. What if I dance,
Or laugh, or sing, or weep, or play the fool,
In any form, with any fool among ye—
Who says me nay upon it!
Sparrow. His dander's up.
R. Harris. There's one it might concern, but she, thank Heaven!
Sees nothing of my madness. She has seen
Enough to cause her own.
W. Harris, [*aside.*] 'Tis well: you do not see.
Davis. So, ho, friend Dick, and runs the story thus;
You left a sweetheart then in Mississippi!
R. Harris. In the whole world, as I'm a living man,
I never left but one, and, of the world,
She had none left but me.
W. Harris, [*affected.*] Ah!
Sparrow. What ails the boy?
W. Harris. Oh, nothing. I but thought—
Sparrow. How long 'twould be to supper—eh!
W. Harris. No. Of a song,
Might suit a case like *his*. I had a ditty,
If I could gather up the words, of one,
Who left the woman he had loved the most,
Suspecting her of little love for him,
Even when she swore the fondest. He grew false,
From falsely doubting her; and in his wrath,
Meeting his friend—
R. Harris. Don't sing it for your life!
Such were the broken fragments of the song
You smote me with last night. I've had enough
Of tears for one short season. Can't you sing,
Some fierce war ballad?
Sparrow. Something funny, lad.
R. Harris. No. Nought of that! Give us a burst ... of war,
Of battle and confusion. Give us a storm,
I' the way of ballad music. Please *me*, boy,
And when the real storm comes,—I mean the battle,—
I'll see you through all dangers. 'Tis my notion,
You'll need some guardian then.
W. Harris. I'll sing for you.
R. Harris. None of your dolefuls. A tempestuous strain,
To hush up other tempests.
W. Harris. An old song
Was taught me by my mother.
Davis. Give me old songs;
I like them better than newfangled ditties:
They seem to have been made when women had hearts,
And honest men could find them.
W. Harris. So they might now,
If they would only value what they win,
And knew the way to keep as well as conquer.
R. Harris. What can you know about it? Where's your beard?
Sing what your mother taught you.
W. Harris. [*Sings.*]

Hark! the trumpet's voice through all our valleys,
Red the plains are weeping with the strife;
The song and dance have fled our peaceful alleys,
And the young warrior leaves the drooping wife;
But will she—
R. Harris. I will not hear to songs about a wife!
Vex me no more. Do I not tell thee, boy,
I will not weep again? Sing me another,
And have no woman in it.
W. Harris. I have no other.
R. Harris. Then sing no more for me.
Sparrow. Now, that's what I call monstrous unreasonable. The song was a good song, and had a certain turn in it, a sort of quivering trepidation, that touched my fancy. I could listen to such a song with pleasure at the table—supper being about half over, and the first—the sharper pains of appetite being somewhat mollified. What say you, Davis? Don't you consider that a song to satisfy any man, not absolutely on an empty stomach?
Davis. Yes, indeed, but just now, I fancy, we are to have much better music. [*Horn sounds.*] Crockett is here at hand. His horn, blown three times, means that he has got something for supper.
Sparrow. Supper! Don't quiz me Davis. If you do I'll make it personal. I can bear being quizz'd
About my wife and children—not having any;
My lands, my goods, my gold, my merchandizes,
But not on matters purely spiritual,
Dinner and drink, the meats that Providence sends us,
The cook that dresses them, the hand that carves—
These are all sacred subjects: upon such
It will not do to trifle. [*Horn again sounds.*
Davis. 'Tis Crockett's horn.
Sparrow. Art sure of it?
Davis. My life on't.
Sparrow. Hurrah! then—let's hurrah!
My gratitude cries out to Providence
With hundred tongues, from bottom of my heart!
Davis. Heart! Say you, Sparrow?
Sparrow. What! You would say too high
By some five inches. Know, good Orderly,
That in the case of the Bull family,
There is but one grand passage to the heart,
And that is through the stomach. Do you hear,
Of meetings for a public charity?
'Tis with your hecatomb of roasted oxen,
Spread forth on dinner table. Is the purpose
Science or art, or strange philosophies,—
A public work—a personal compliment—
The tribute of a people to the warrior,
Who wins their battles,—or the patriot statesman,
Who makes successful treaties with the stranger,
In which, by license of the Levitical law,
He drives usurious bargain for their welfare?
All these acknowledgments still find expression
Only o'er groaning tables. Here speak the virtues,
The public gratitude, and men's affections,—
The sentiments, the sensibilities—
They find their voices all in the abdomen;
Derive their eloquence thence, and in its science,
Find all their rights secure, their wrongs appeased,
Their duties well performed, their morals active;
In short, their slumbers for the night made certain,
With a clear conscience—thus they realize,
The good—*mens sana in corpore sano*,
Which is the all that human hope can look for
Of human happiness,—so draw the curtain.
Davis. Good! good! and now the song. Another song.
Sparrow. Deuce take the song. 'Twill do when supper's over.
I'll have a quarrel with the first that whistles,
Or makes pretence of music.
Davis, [*to R. Harris.*] Whither go you?

R. Harris. Into some starving corner. You will have
A flock of Sparrows soon. [*Exit R. Harris*
W. Harris, [*aside and following.*] There's hope of
him! There's hope of him. He weeps!
Sparrow. Ay, let him go. The man that knows no
hunger,
That never dreams of dinners of rare dishes,
That has no hope of delicate supper joys,
And lives and festers in the sun, unmoved
By pulses of particular appetite,
Be far from me and heaven! Hearken me, Davis,
Beware of such a man. He's like the serpent,
That poisons his own food. [*Horn again.*
Davis. The third blast blown.
Sparrow. Heaven bless that fellow, Crockett. He has
bowels
That stir the love in mine.
Texians, [*without.*] Hurrah for Crockett.
Davis. He comes. He's here.

Enter Crockett with a Bear on his shoulders.

Crockett. Well, lads, how goes it!
Sparrow. How goes it? As the wheel goes when there's no oil for the machinery: as the watch goes when the main spring's broken: as the team goes when the manger's empty. It's no go at all, Davy, or at best a slow-go. Welcome my old cock of Tennessee. Your coming is the only *go* that's worth the mention. You set all wheels in motion. You bring the true grease for the machinery. The wheels of time had stopped without your assistance. Thrice welcome to you and your companion. All your friends of the forest are welcome at the close of dinnerless days like this. He is your friend, Sir Oleaginous Brum, therefore I welcome him. I take him by his fist,—rough but hearty; unclean, perhaps, but honest. He will find a thousand friends among us. We will honor him duly with proper dressing. We will take him and you both to our bosoms. [*Embraces Crockett and the bear alternately.*]
Crockett. You're a most loving
Sparrow, by the Powers.
Sparrow. It is the virtue of our tribe. The warmth of the Sparrow is proverbial. It is an emblem of love in some countries, and might be in all. The dove is a poor emblem. Its fidelity lacks catholicism. It is clearly selfish. But the sparrow's love is universal. It is one of the few birds that keeps a harem. Do not question my love, Crockett, because I share it between you and Sir Bruin.
Crockett. I reckon you don't mean to serve me with the same sauce as the B'ar.
Sparrow. No fear. My love discriminates according to the deserts of the object. Indeed, I may say that while I love him, I honor you. You both appeal to my affections, though in a different fashion.
Crockett. You always put your butcher in your prayers.
Davis. 'Twould be as easy to put him in his belly.
Sparrow. Avaunt thee, for a cannibal!
Crockett. Ha, Davis—that you? Well, here we are at last; me and my friend, as Sparrow calls him. He gave me as close a hug as Sparrow did, and thought just as much of his bowels all the time.
Sparrow, [*inspecting the Bear.*] What a delicate morsel! What a brisket he carries, and five good fingers of fat upon his ribs.
Crockett. Ay, indeed. Brown jacket has all of that. The varmint never sucked his own paws, or cramped up mine. Tough enough in the fight, you'll find him quite tender, now its over. He gin me more work than I ever had of a Congress Committee. I *treed* him some three hours ago, *creased* him without killing him, and brought him down a little more lively than when he went up. I put in, thinking he was about to kick his last, and found myself in his arms. He hugged mighty close, I tell you, much agin the will of one of the parties, and that warn't him. He's made my ribs ache for it, but thanks to Jim Bowie, I riddled my way into his. And now, Sparrow, the sooner we try his fat, the sooner your trials will be over.
Sparrow. Verbum sap! Spoken like an oracle. You have but one fault, Davy; you waste words. You learned that foolish practice in Congress at eight dollars *per diem,* to say nothing of mileage. Waste! waste! waste!
Crockett. And you!—why you're waist itself,—all waist, nothing but waist.
Sparrow. Well put, Dave. Your studies in Joe Miller were your making in Washington. You do not forget his lessons. A shot like that takes a fellow about the middle. That I have some extra extents of territory is very true; but of this be certain, that unlike the majority of great manor holders, none of my grounds are lying out, none at naked fallow. All's under fence, and in a high state of improvement. Ho, there! Halloo within! Halloo! Hear you that, boys? My intestines, you see, do no hurt to my lungs. [*Enter Texians, who take charge of the bear.*
Texian. He's heavy, by the Powers!
Sparrow. Carry him gingerly, and with proper meekness,
He's worth a host of such as ye; will keep
A host of you, when salt would fail to save ye.
Be off! I'll follow and attend his dressing,
And see that in the shape of cook, no devil
Spoils the good gifts of Providence. Begone!
But three men—hear to this philosophy,—
Are needful to an army: He who takes
The prey—and he who dresses it—and he
Who does the dressing justice.

[*Exit Sparrow, tucking up his sleeves.*

Crockett. Where is Bonham?
Davis. Not yet back.
Crockett. He'll get his death, that fellow.
Davis. Why more than you or me?
We're all i' the way of such accident,
Travelling the road to Bexar.
Crockett. But for him,
The danger's something greater, for he travels
More roads than ours. Where, think you, that I left him?
Davis. Lassoing some mustang.
Crockett. A trick worth two of it.
If you'll believe me, he's this very minute
Within the walls of Bexar.
Davis. A prisoner!
Crockett. Prisoner, indeed. Would I be standing here
Sucking my fingers like a Congress ninny,
If he, I call my friend, were in such trouble?
No, no. Bonham's no prisoner, nor like to be one, if he's the man I think him. He's only playing Major André among the Mexicans; looking behind their *curtains* in disguise.
Davis. They'll Major André him. They'll hang him.
Crockett. Yes, perhaps, if they catch him napping, but that they're not likely to do. He's playing priest for them, and looks for all the world like the genuine critter. I was most o'-mind to drop down on my marrow bones and ax his blessing myself.
Davis. You saw him enter San Antonio?
Crockett. With my own eyes. How would you like, says he to me, to visit Bexar? Thank you for nothing, says I: my neck's not yet ready for a Spanish cravat, which, they tell me, is made of iron. No danger, says,

he; I'm going. So up he walked to the sentries. I lay snug in a hollow, with a great bunch of chaparal before me. I watched him all the time, and, sure enough, in he went along with the sodgers.

Davis. Their prisoner!

Crockett. Not he. He carries his toothpick under the priest's garment, and a couple of Colt's time-pieces. Hush! do you hear nothing?

Davis. Nothing!

Crockett. You're no hunter. Jest you part your legs a little, and an old buck would walk between 'em, and nobody the wiser. To your tree. [*They shelter themselves.*] Do you hear?

Davis. I hear.

Crockett. A Mexican, by the Powers! Stand where you are, stranger, and give 's the word, or I'll blow it into you with a bullet.

Voice, without. Washington.

Crockett. Talk of the devil and you see his picture. 'Tis Bonham's self!

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. Oh! you have precious eyes:
Not know your friends!

Crockett. And precious little like a friend do you look now, Major, with these fiery fine Mexican breeches on. Why, Major, you're as fond o. change as a young female woman of fifteen. Where's the padre's skin?

Bonham. Without. I kept it over the Don till this moment, then cast it to show you how famously I look when walking the streets of San Antonio.

Crockett. Famous! Are there many more, Major, where they came from?

Bonham. Yes. When you have driven out a regiment or two of these Mexican blackguards.

Davis. What chance of that?

Bonham. Enough to make us busy! It is ours,
That brave old Spanish keep, with all its treasure,
If we but battle as becomes a people,
Sprung from the Old Thirteen!

Davis. You've been in Bexar?

Bonham. Ay, have I—in the castle and the city;
Trod the great Plaza, rambled through the highways,
Survey'd the walls, the gates, the guns, the soldiers,
And said, they shall be ours.

Crockett. Hurrah for that! I believe it all, Major, as good as if I had read it in the Globe newspaper. Look you; when next you put on the skin of the priesthood, I'll go with you as a Bishop or Cardinal. I've a great fancy for fine dresses and other matters, and as Bexar's to be ours, I've a notion to go beforehand, and put the ear-mark on every thing I desire for myself.

Bonham. Were you but master of the lingo, Davy?

Crockett. What! Do you talk it?

Bonham. Almost like a native. I have travell'd much
Beyond the Anahuac; know the tongue,
The people, and a thousand other matters,
That makes it easy to perform the part
That I would play in. Here, I am a Don
Fit for a bridal. At the dawn you saw me,
The priest to mutter o'er the ceremony,
And take the first fee from the maiden's lips.

Crockett. Smack!

Bonham. To-morrow I may sell in Bexar's streets,
Th' *Aguardiente* which enflames their passions;
By night you'll see me as a muleteer,
Dancing fandangos with the duskiest damsels
That ever roll'd tortillas, or drew water.

Crockett. You're too much for me, Major. You're a huckleberry above my persimmon. I can hunt and fight, I reckon, as well as any man. I can shake as clever a leg at a Virginny reel, when I'm a little up in sap, as any native this side of the eternal ridge: and, though I say it myself, I have put up as decent a prayer as I ever heard from any parson in all this nation of Texas, but that was when I was most mightily scared, as I never expect to be scared again. But I can't do the many fine things you're up to. Yet if there's any thing that I *can* do, say the word, and let me go with you. I can promise you to keep the secret, speak the truth, and stand by you with knife and rifle to the last beat of a big heart.

Bonham. You shall have your wish, comrade.

Crockett. Shall I now, Major?

Bonham. I shall return this night to Bexar's walls,
Shall need a man to be at my command,
To watch, or pray, or fight, as I think proper,
Still ready when I call and always faithful.

Crockett. That's me—that's Davy Crockett.

Bonham. Be ready when I call.

Crockett. 'Ready' and 'Go-ahead' are just the names
They made for me in Congress.

Bonham. Enough. And now for Milam.

Milam, [*entering.*] He is here, Bonham.
You are safe, I see, and I am satisfied.
What tidings bring you?

Bonham, [*to Crockett and Davis.*] Leave us, comrades.
Remember, Dave, at midnight. [*Ex. Davis and Crock.*

Milam. Goes he with you, then?

Bonham. He begged the favor. He has sense and shrewdness
Not less than strength and courage. 'Twill but need
That I should put a curb upon his tongue,
Or he'll convict himself of Tennessee
At the first syllable.

Milam. Your eye upon him:
I dread his blunders.

Bonham. He will play a part,
Whose duties keep him silent. He's the Mute
While he remains in Bexar.

Milam. Yet I fear him:
His tongue will wag. The humors of the woodman
Will still have way. He'll choke else.

Bonham. I'll school him:
And, for the rest—methinks the gates already
Fly wide to give us welcome.

Milam. How stands the count
Touching their numbers?

Bonham. One full regiment.

Milam. Eight hundred men, perhaps; and we but three.
They in their keep, behind their fortress wall,
With best artillery and engineers.

Bonham. But a mean, spiritless race, ill officer'd;
While ours are men, with appetites for conquest,
Shall make each man a hero. Be you ready,
And Bexar is our own.

Milam. I fear for you.

Bonham. For me!

Milam. The dangers you incur.

Bonham. In seeming only;
They wake no other pulses in my breast,
Than such as joy in danger. I am sure—
Know well the game—the people that I visit,
And grasp with ready arm, and iron will,
The weapons that protect me.

Milam. Bonham, the truth!—
There is some secret treasure in yon walls,
More dear than wealth or glory, that you covet.

Bonham. There is!

Milam. A woman?

Bonham. Ay, by my troth, a woman—
A Spanish maiden, lovely as the dawn,

And precious as the sunlight to the flower,
To Michael Bonham.
Milam. Who is the maid?
Bonham. The daughter of Don Esteban.
Milam. The Governor!
Bonham. The same!
Milam. You rob him doubly then of child and lordship.
Bonham. But give him what should recompense his loss,
A son and nation.
Milam. How did you know her?
Bonham. By happiest chance, last season, on the route
To Santa Fé, I rescued her and cousin,
From the Camanches.
Milam. Is she grateful for it?
Bonham. I trust to find her so.
Milam. She knows you then?
Bonham. But as a gentleman of Mexico;
'Twas in the guise of one I did the service.
Milam. Did'st meet with her to-day?
Bonham. Ay, and I promised
To be with her to-morrow.
Milam And you will?
Bonham. Ay, though I die for it.
Milam. God speed you, comrade!
You're a bold lover, and bring back awhile
The good old days of chivalry, when valor
Mix'd love and battle in such close communion,
One knew not which was sweetest. Yet, remember,
I urge not this upon you. You are free,
This moment, from your pledge. Better far,
We scale the walls of Bexar, all defying,
Than risk your neck upon them.
Bonham. Mine the peril!
I claim it of my fortune. To my soul,—
When I regard the prize that hangs upon it,—
The danger wears the aspect of a pleasure,
And woos me to embrace it. Be you ready,
When at the gates you hear my bugle's signal,
And all the hunt is ours,
Milam. We'll not fail you.
Bonham. Enough! Fear nothing, and farewell the while.

[*Exeunt different ways.*

—

SCENE II.

Midnight. The moon about to rise among the mountains, and looking down from another point on the Texian bivouack. The fires nearly burnt out. Sentinels seen at intervals among the sleeping groups. Enter Bonham in priest's garments.

Bonham. 'Tis midnight, and the moon but palely shines,
To light me to my comrade, as if loth
That we should seek this venture. But the eyes,
That beckon me are warmer to my heart,
Than ever shone her smile; and I will seek them,
Though she should cloud her jealous glance for aye,
And smile for me no more! 'Tis here, methinks,
He laid him down to sleep. These goodly legs,
With yellow, well-stained moccasins, are such
As I have seen him carry, though the bulk
Above, is something portlier than his wont—
Ho! comrade! [*Pushes one of the sleepers.*]
Sparrow, [*in his dream.*] But eight dozen among seven of us!
Bonham. Dreaming of oysters! [*Pushes Crockett.*]
Crockett, [*in his dream.*] Question! I say Question—! question!
Bonham. He dreams of Congress and the Lower House—
The politician, not the hunter now!
Ho! Crockett! to your feet and drum up voters.
The question's on the Tariff—item, salt—
Kentucky's licks are threatened!
Crockett, [*waking.*] Out you varmint!
To listen to my dream!
Bonham. Comrade, up!
Crockett. Major—you!
Bonham. Bestir you—get your weapons—
Put your camanche garment on your back,
And follow with dispatch. I'll wait for you,
Where the path opens on the Lesser Prairie.

[*Exit Bonham.*

Crockett, [*rising.*] Confound the old Congress! that I shouldn't lose myself a moment, but to get back to them diggins, as if I loved them. Well, the people of Tennessee might have done worse when they sent me, and havn't done better now they've left me at home.

[*Exit Crockett.*

Richard Harris, [*rising from the bushes.*] There's danger in this chance, it seems—this Michael Bonham has as keen a scent after mischief as you feeder, [*pointing to Sparrow,*] has after meat. My appetite for danger is keener than my scent, and I must use the help of other hunters. I shall reach him before Crockett can.

[*Exit R. Harris.*

Ellen Harris, [*emerging.*] Thus still he flies in search of death! O! heart,—
When wilt thou sleep—how rest—and where find peace,
For I must follow him, as fondly now,
As he will follow danger. He is gone!

[*Exit after R. Harris.*

Enter Crockett in Camanche habit.

Crockett. All's ready, but to take a buckle in,—
Tighten the girth, and feel the bullet down,
And then upon the trail. What a huge mountain
Old Sparrow makes in the moonlight! How he snores!
What says he in his sleep!
Sparrow, [*dreaming.*] Raw meat for the Camanches—raw buffalo beef
Dipped in the gall of the animal! [*Snores.*]
Crockett. Ten pound of it, with just that sort of sauce,
Will he consume per diem. A true bill!
Sparrow, [*dreaming.*] The brains and liver spread upon with fat,
And coated with— [*Snores.*]
Crockett. The gall! He knows the dish!
But I must leave him without hearing further,
Lest I grow sick of my Camanche habit!
That such a bird of prey should be a *Sparrow.*

[*Exit Crockett.*

Scene closes.

—

SCENE III.

The edge of the prairie. A dense wood on one side, while all the rest of the scene, far as the eye can reach, is a long dead level of tall grass, waving in the moonlight. The moon at her full and high in heaven.

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. How holy is this silence! What a sea

Is here, of green and waving meadow, in the moonlight,
Glittering with thousand flowers of thousand hues
That mock the rainbow's beauties. As the breeze
Sweeps over the wide track, the gentle tops
Heave into tiny billows that beseem,
The billows of the gulf, when, roused from sleep
By the soft zephyrs of the southern wastes,
They yield themselves unmurmuring to the embrace
Of wooers that they love. Oh! gentle night
Thus honored by the moon, that o'er this sea
Burns with a sweet benignity, and soothes
Its wildest forms to beauty, in my soul,
Shines a like hallowing aspect. Love is there
Above the forms of danger, like some angel
That, through the cloud and tempest, still looks down
Speaking good will to earth. A footstep,—Hark!
Who comes?

Enter Richard Harris.

R. Harris. A friend.
Bonham. He has a name.
R. Harris. 'Tis Harris, Sir.
Bonham. What would you with me, Harris?
R. Harris. Service, sir,
Provided that means peril, which they tell me
You are in quest of.
Bonham. I may meet with it.
R. Harris. Now danger flies from me! I cannot find it,
Whether on sea or land. Most men fear death,
But death fears me—hides from me—will not face me
Though I implore him in the intalest passage,
Where other hearts have yielded. By day and night,
Hourly, I seek his shaft to stretch me out,
Sightless in sight of heaven. In quest of this,
I come to you, since it is thought your purpose
Takes you in danger's jaws, the worst of danger
Within the walls of Bexar.
Bonham. This is madness!
Life is a precious privilege, too precious,
In momentary weariness or trial,
To be flung off with scorn.
R. Harris Look I like one
For such child weakness, to beseech my doom;
It is not weariness that moves, or trials
Such as compel the tear in other men,
But the fixed purpose of a mood whose reason
Lies deeper, is more hideous than the grave.
Help me to human peril which may lose me
The eternal one that haunts me.
Bonham. I would not know your secret; but if true
The blessed faith that's taught us, Death himself
But opes the door for other and worse fiends,
Than those which haunt the sinner to repentance.
Repent, my friend, and live. To share my danger,
One must love life—on such good terms with it,
That he shall use all prudence to preserve it.
You cannot go with me. Your very temper
Might wholly mar our purpose.
R. Harris. Cannot, sir!
Bonham. Impossible!
R. Harris Then no more's to be said.
Bonham. Abide your time, my friend. Your quest for death,
Is sin not less than madness. Soon enough,
Death seeks the very best of us—too soon,
For many of the best. A word more, Harris
Have better thoughts, my friend.
R. Harris. I would I could!
In praying for death, I sometimes pray for them.
Bonham. Pray for *them* always! In another day
Battle awaits us! Pray you to survive it.
It may, perchance, o'ercome the bravest spirit
To meet its probable terrors. You may have
Your criminal prayers vouchsafed you at a season,
When all, the very humblest, could not save you
From dreadfuller doems than death. Comrade, hither!

Enter Crockett.

Crockett. I'm at your service, Major. Harris here!
Bonham. He goes not with us. To the camp, my friend!
You will not shrink from battle when it comes;
Will wait its coming with a patient courage
That makes all strifes successful. 'Tis my task
To strip it of its perils as I may!
Commend yourself to patience! Comrade, on!

[*Exeunt Bonham and Crockett.*

R. Harris. Still baffled in my purpose! Should I wait
On time, and chance, and opportunity,
When I can make them all! Here is the chance,
When human eye is none for scrutiny—
The time—what season half so meet for death,
As when the heart has will'd it for itself—
And opportunity is in the weapon here,
Which my own right hand clutches. Wherefore bear
This torture, day and night, that hourly wakes
Its hell within my heart, when with a stroke
I still the strife for aye! I see no ghost!
I strain these balls to see them! Here's the plain,
Ghastly beneath the moon. The midnight hour
Has thrown apart the great gates of the grave,
And they may walk if they will. They covet darkness
I do not seek the light. Whither I go,
They come not, though I bid them to my sight,
With backward prayer and horrible invocation,
I summon them now,—I call them 'neath the moon:
Come ye fell spectres—wherefore do ye mock,
Mine ears with your reproaches? I would see
And dare ye face to face. I hear them still,
Voices that through the void go hurrying on,
Or lurk at hand to scare. Ha! how they mock,
They tell me that I dare not—though they see
My hand that does not tremble, with the weapon
Uplifted o'er the breast that does not shrink,
And know that as I summon them to see,
I strike with mortal sureness, thus—
E. Harris, [*who enters from behind and arrests his blow.*]
Mercy! mercy!
R. Harris, [*turning fiercely.*] To thy knees.
E. Harris. Spare me! be merciful.
R. Harris. How durst thou on my steps!
E. Harris. I came—
R. Harris. Thou hauntest me like a shadow.
E. Harris. Have mercy!
R. Harris, [*sheathing the knife.*] No! I'll not harm thee!—
I will not pluck, with innocent blood like thine,
More curses on my head.
E. Harris. Oh! spare me!
R. Harris. Have I not said I will not harm thee, boy!
E. Harris. Oh! but thyself! thyself.
R. Harris. And what am I to thee! What if I perish!
E. Harris. You promised to protect me.
R. Harris. Was't for this
You follow'd on my footsteps! Foolish boy,
With fears like thine, a heart so much a coward,
What dost thou here in Texas! To the Camp—
Thou should'st be with thy mother! While I can,
I'll care for thee and save thee,—but no word
Of what thou hast seen to-night.
E. Harris. Thou wilt not—
R. Harris. What!
E. Harris. Do murder on thyself

R. Harris. 'Twould seem to be in vain that I should try—
The ocean yields me up! The gallows scorns me.
The shot strikes down my comrade in his track,
The hopeful slain, the hopeless left to life,
And my own weapon, sure for other breasts,
Fails when I threat my own. A fate is in it.
'Tis meant that life has yet some use for me
'Till then I may not perish. Be it so!
Come! Follow me in silence. Not a word,—
Dost hear,—on peril of thy life.

[*Exit R. Harris.*

E. Harris, [*following.*] I hear!
I follow thee! I thank thee heaven for this!
Oh! still be merciful! On both have mercy!

[*Exeunt.*

[End of Part I.]

PART II.—SCENE I.

Interior of Chamber in the palace of Don Esteban de Montaneros, Governor of San Antonio de Bexar. The Governor, solus, in military costume, writing at table. His chapeau bras, and sword lie before him among papers. He looks up from his reading.

Don Esteban. There! *Madre de Dios!* It is done. It is well done! It is written! The record is made. I may now take my rest. I may sleep. I have fought successfully. The battle is over. The field is won. The laurels are gathered. They enwreath my brow for ever! I defy, thee, Time! Immortality, thou art mine! I clutch thee! Oblivion, I mock thy spiteful arts! . . . Yet, let me see! Let me read once more what I have written! Despatches are not like ordinary letters. They belong to history. They make history! They answer all the purposes of fame. They are fame! Through such as these she speaks, and confers glory upon great heads! *Sic itur ad astra!* And I am not alone. Napoleon lives in his bulletins, rather than his battles! Great example that! Let me see how I have followed it.

[*Reads aloud.*

"*To his Excellency Don Lopez de Santa Anna, President, &c.*

"Excellency! I have the honor to inform you of the complete defeat,—I may almost say, the total annihilation of the Texian invading army, by the small but gallant forces under my command. So complete, so sudden was the rout, that I may, without exaggeration, appropriate as my own, the language of the mighty Roman. We had but to come, and to see, to conquer! It did not even need that he should see us! The enemy disappeared at our approach. He shrunk from every encounter, and is now flying, with all speed, to the barbarian homes from which he emerged. The hateful Yankeyos are gone forever!—Our soil no longer blushes beneath the tread of their infamous and rebellious hordes. This defeat, so utter and complete, is due entirely to the terror inspired by our arms! So conclusive was this terror, that I cannot now be sure that any of them perished. Their slain and wounded have not been reported to me. Their flight was quite too rapid for pursuit. Ours was a victory without a blow; one of those victories in which the Generalship of the leader, sustained by the bearing of his troops, discourages in the enemy every idea or feeling of resistance. Your Excellency will rejoice with me, that the war is so happily ended. San Antonio de Bexar is safe. We ineed no succours. May your Excellency live a thousand years. God and Liberty! Done, at this our Castle of Montaneros, this, &c.

There! [*Seals the Letter.*

That I say is well done! Simple and expressive. To the point, without childish epithet or womanly circumlocution. In the very spirit of Napoleon's Dispatches! He could scarce have done it better! And, for the facts? Are not the Texian Rebels dispersed? Who can say where they are? Who has seen them for a month? Not I? Can I answer for what I have not seen? No! If I see not the Texians, and hear nothing more of them, am I not to suppose that they are dispersed? What more natural? And who should disperse them but myself! To my glory be it written! Cæsar was a Captain—Cortez was a Captain—Napoleon was a Captain—there was a Captain among the States of the North, named Jackson or Johnson—I'm not sure which, and rather think that both are the same;—but—What ho! there Luis.

Enter Luis his Secretary.

There! for Mexico,—see that the Courier has dispatch. Life, nay, more than life depends upon his speed!

Luis. Excellency, Señor Don Pedro de Zavalo, has just come in from Tuscasito and begs to kiss your hands.

Don Esteban. What! My son that is to be? I wait him here!—Fine fellow, that [*Ex. Luis*] Son of mine. A little too fiery, perhaps, too warlike, at a season when bulletins can be made so expressive. Ah! here he is. Don Pedro, welcome. [*Enter Don Pedro.*] I rejoice to see you. My household is at your service. All that I have is yours.

Pedro. Your Excellency is too generous. Do I disturb you?

Esteban. Not a whit. I was just closing my despatch for the President, announcing the late glorious victory.

Pedro. Victory!

Esteban. What! do you ask! Have you not heard?

Pedro. Of a victory?

Esteban. Ay, indeed! Can it be that you have heard nothing?

Pedro. Not a syllable!

Esteban. What! nothing of our victory over these Texian Yankeyos!

Pedro. Not a word till now!

Esteban. Oh! Fame! O glory! What is there now worth living for! But, really, my dear Don Pedro, have you heard nothing of this glorious triumph?

Pedro. There was some rumor of a small force of Texian rebels, but it was said they were dispersed by famine.

Esteban. Famine, indeed! When will the world do justice! And our valor and skill, by which they were dispersed, must go for nothing.

Pedro. My dear Governor, suffer my congratulations. These are truly pleasant tidings. It was feared that these outlawed wretches would give you trouble. Fortunately, there were few of them.

Esteban. Few! Four thousand men at least.

Pedro. Can it be possible! And your force?

Esteban. But a poor three hundred. But they *are* soldiers as you may suppose. Brave fellows, I admit. You will suffer me to add that they were admirably managed! War is a science, Don Pedro.

Pedro. This alone suffices to prove it! But three hundred to four thousand! Your success was truly miraculous.

Esteban. Miraculous! Is a man, now-a-days, to get credit for nothing? Is Fate to be the enemy of Fame? I shall begin to dread lest the honor of this victory will be ascribed to Saint Iago, as in the days of Hernan Cortez. People will begin to fancy that they saw his white horse leading the pursuit of these cursed Pagan Yankeyos. But, you are surely too wise for such notions, Don Pedro. There was, let me assure you, no other miracle in the affair than such as belongs to good Generalship—such as a true military genius may effect at any moment. The miracle lay in my successful strategy; and that you may call miracle, if you will.

Pedro. Glorious strategy indeed! But tell me, my dear Don Esteban, where was this battle fought? It is so very strange that I should have heard nothing of it before.

Esteban. [*Hesitatingly.*] Fought! Where was it fought? Why, I may say, every where! It was a sort of running fight in which, from the panic of the fugitives, the parties did not absolutely come to blows. For that matter, the rebels are supposed to be running still. They have had a prodigious fright, I assure you. It was quite in vain that I endeavored to pursue them. I could not hope to overtake them. Never did panic stricken scoundrels better use their legs. It is through their fears that you have the sufficient proof of their danger.

Pedro. Most conclusive testimony! And now, my dear Governor, of other matters. How is our fair cousin?

Esteban. We shall surprise her as I would have surprised the Texians. With this view, I have said nothing as yet of our little arrangement.

Pedro. Indeed! But my dear Don Esteban—

Esteban. A part of my plan, Don Pedro! I am none of your rude, direct, undiverting, matter-of-fact persons, to speak out abruptly to the simple point before me. This requires no sort of genius. I am for a stratagem in most things, as a matter of art and refinement.

Pedro. But, my dear Don Esteban, where's the necessity of stratagem in a case like this?

Esteban. Necessity! Where's the necessity of my daughter marrying at all? It is matter of taste purely. Now, my tastes lie in stratagem. I never broke my egg, or ate my supper, or kissed my wife, or did any other natural and necessary thing, without a stratagem. Stratagem is to action what the wine is to the feast,—the oil to the dressing; the salt to the salad; the sugar to the cake; beauty to the woman; wisdom to the man; glory to the saints, and tail, hoof and horns to Don Sathanas! If you deny me my strategy, Don Pedro, I deny you my daughter,—and there is an end of it!

Pedro. But, my dear Don Esteban, will you not make some allowance for the impatience of a lover?

Esteban. To be sure! so I do! so I will; but you must suffer me to say, too, that I require, in turn, some allowance to be made for my genius as a strategist. This is my life, my passion. You shall have my daughter: but only after a process of my own; and I tell you that, as yet, she does not know you in the character of a lover. I shall surprise her with the fact—an agreeable surprise, as I shall design it—though surprises of this sort usually operate pleasantly on the fancies of young damsels.

Pedro. I hope they may in this instance.

Esteban. Never doubt it, Don Pedro. Only, don't be impatient. Hear my plan! First, for the masked battery.

Pedro. The masked battery!

Esteban. Exactly. I speak in military parlance;—and a masqued *ball* may fairly be considered a masked battery.

Pedro. I begin to see.

Esteban. Don't attempt to anticipate. It's quite impossible that you should divine my expedients. A few explanations shall enlighten you. Now then, and firstly, as she is, by the favor of Holy Mother, a christian damsel, you shall assail her as a Turk!

Pedro. As a Turk! I' faith, Don Esteban, your stratagem promises to be somewhat intricate.

Esteban. Intricate! To be sure. This is the very nature of all stratagem, to be intricate. But patiently. Look you then. I propose a Bal Masqué, at the Palace, this very night, solely to bring about this stratagem.

Pedro. But shall I not see Olivia before to-night?

Esteban. Oh! ay! See her, to be sure, as often as you please; but not a word of your passion, or of our purpose, till I give the word. I am Governor and Commander here, in Chief, and we must proceed in all things, in military fashion. I must give the signal,—my hand must fire the train.

Pedro. Well, Governor, I hope you will not by your stratagems succeed in compelling my cousin to a flight as rapid as that to which you forced the Texians.

Esteban. Well hit that! Very good! No! no! To prevent that danger, let us go to her at once. Ho, within there!

[*Enter Luis.*]

Esteban. Say to the Señorita, Donna Olivia, that Senor Don Pedro de Zavalo of Tuscasito, and myself, present ourselves to kiss her hands.

Luis. The Señorita has gone to the Plaza, your Excellency.

Esteban. To the Plaza! Good! The day is a fine one. We will follow her, Don Pedro. [*Luis assists him with hat and sword.*

Pedro. With all my heart.

Esteban, [*bowing him to advance.*] Your servant, Señor.

Pedro, [*bowing and retreating.*] Pardon me, your Excellency, but your politeness must not make me forgetful of your rank.

Esteban, [*aside.*] Excellent young men! He was born to be a courtier. [*Takes the arm of Don Pedro, and together they march stately out.*

—

SCENE II.

The Plaza, or Public Walks in Bexar. A gay scene of trees and shrubery. Prolonged vistas filled with groups of well and variously dressed people of both sexes. The ladies with parasolettes and head-dresses and veils, but without bonnets. A frequent sprinkling of the military,

and occasionally a peasant. Bonham enters as a gay Mexican cavalier, while Crockett is garbed as an arriero, or mule driver.

Bonham. All goes as we would have it. You appear
The very person that your habit speaks you;
A yeoman of the States, a wagoner,
May well beseem the Mexic muleteer,
And play the part with all the natural grace
Of our brave western hunters. A good bronze,
Is that upon your cheeks. Renew it often
When the chance favours. We must separate now.
You hurry to our lodging. 'Tis not well
We should be seen together. I will join you
Within the hour and bring your last instructions;
Meanwhile forget not you were born a *Mute!*

Crockett. Mum is the word!—the uncongressional word:—
It's mighty hard out to forget it, Major,
But I am in for it now.

Bonham. And must go through!
'Tis but a day. Away! We separate.

Crockett. Ah, ha! You're for staying awhile longer among these beauties. Well! I'm tough and gristly now but I was tender enough once, and there was a time when the very sight of a pretty gal used to make my heart thump agin my ribs, for all the world like a cracked drum at a Nashville muster. I like to look at the critter still, but she can't make the old drum beat any longer. But, mum's the word; the Major's looking wolfish! I'm off.

[*Exit Crockett.*

Bonham, [*solus.*] She comes not! And I look for her in vain.
Brigh. eyes, sly glancing through their falling veils,
Like stars through pliant folds of floating cloud,
Shine on me as I pass, and swan-like forms,
Swim in spiritual movement 'mongst the trees.
But hers—among the thousand still supreme,
Leaves them to fruitless triumph. Can it be
That she has play'd upon my foolish passion
And mocks me with her promise! Idle fear!
She cannot thus do wrong unto herself,
And to that angel purity of glance,
Needing no sweet assurance from her tongue—
Though that were angel's too. She *must* be here!
Why do I seek the crowd? In some lone spot,
Hallow'd by solitude from the vulgar mood,—
'Tis there that true maid would receive her lover;—
There, by yon silent groves that skirt the river,
Methinks she wanders now: and—Ha! she comes,
Even now, from thence. I will conceal myself. [*Goes aside, while Olivia enters, looking anxiously around her.*

Olivia. I see him not! No form in all the Plaza,
Tells me of him. He has forgotten me!
How should I move so proud a heart as his?
What charms are mine that I should make this conquest,
Oh! wherefore should I hope—yet wherefore tremble
Lest he forget me! Can it be, my heart,
I love this stranger!

Bonham. [*behind her.*] If you do, dear lady,
It were the blessing, which, beyond all others,
His inmost spirit prays for.

Olivia. What have I said!
Ah, Señor, you surprise me.

Bonham. Sweet surprise!
At least, to the offender! Ah, forgive me
If, stealing on thy steps, mine ears grew happy
With what they drank from thy unconscious lips.
Oh! let me make complete the dear assurance,
By the frank homage of a heart that brightens
In the sweet glimpse vouchsafed me of your own.
I love you, lady!

Olivia. Ah! Señor, do you love me?

Bonham. With all my heart, with all my strength and soul,
My thought, my hope, mine eyes, I love thee, lady.

Olivia. Ah, Señor! Oh! my foolish heart be still,
Nor in the sudden trouble of this joy,
Declare your foolish fondness. [*Aside.*

Bonham. Not a word,
Nor look of blessing, lady? Did'st thou hear,
The faith my worshipping heart has offered ~~thee~~ thee?

Olivia. Did I not hear! Can I believe thee, Señor?

Bonham. Say, shall I swear it, lady? By what star,
Brightest and sacredest in Beauty's eyes,
Purest in Heaven's! Prescribe to me the oath,
And by the stars—and by those eyes, I swear,
And on this hand;—nay do not keep it from me.

Olivia. Oh, do not swear! It needs not—will not prove
What you declare so fondly. Do but speak—
Or look—the words once more, and—

Bonham. Speak, O! speak!

Olivia. And—I'll believe you!

Bonham. Will you believe me!
Ah! sweetest, never did a maiden's faith
Less peril on a lover's! From that hour
When my most fortunate eyes, by Love's ~~rancho~~ ke
Beheld your beauty—

Olivia. Señor, by that rancho—
That scene of strife and dread, I still remember,
Never to lose it—when the wild Camanché,
Smote me to earth, and 'neath his savage fury,
Hopeless, I shriek'd for succor, and—I found it!
Nor succor only! You came, you conquer'd, Señor,
More than the desperate savage.

Bonham. Dear Olivia,
The same eventful victory made me yours,—
Captive to those dear eyes, and witching beauties,
That seem to sadden o'er their own swift triumphs,
As if the world had nothing left to win.

Olivia, [*softly and in low tones.*] To me it hath not, now.

Bonham. My prize, my precious angel!

Olivia. And did you love me then?

Bonham. That very moment!
Ah! sure you must remember how I held you,
Close lock'd in my embrace,—the danger over,—
Feigning belief that, in your feminine terror,
Your strength had left you.

Olivia. And it had, believe me,
Else I had never suffered such embrace,
Even from the one so—

Bonham. Wherefore on the word,
So full of precious promise do you pause?

Olivia. Oh, no, I should not speak; but you were right,—
The strength of will, at least, if not of person,
Had left me when I trembled in your arms.
Nor would I chide you with a show of rigor
That needed no display. I heard your voice;
Its gentle accents soothed me;—saw your form—
And in your loving tenderness of look,
Felt any thing but weakness. I was strong,
And—but 'twere most unmaidenly to show,
How great my weakness now.

Bonham. Speak on! Speak on!
Give to each dear emotion fitting speech,
That I may feel, how bless'd o'er other men,
This fortunate moment makes me.

Olivia. Oh! no more!
Here comes my father.

Bonham, [*aside.*] Then my trial comes!

Enter Don Esteban and Don Pedro.

Olivia. My dear father!

Esteban. How now, Señorita! It's as hard to find you as the gold mines of Gallipango. We have met with every body in all Bexar, but yourself—among others, with your good aunt, the ever-to-be-loved-and-honored-at-a-distance, Donna Elvira Teresa de los Flores y Banamos, who would have held on to an antediluvian himself had he only come in the guise of a bachelor. These old maids keep their hold upon a single man, as if every nerve had a tooth of its own. It's only when I meet with her that I am painfully reminded that I am a widower. But I shook her off finally, by a stratagem, calling to her side Don Vincente Trueba, who is more certainly a marrying man than I am. She took to him as a hungry serpent to a drowsy frog. A most happy stratagem, that of mine, eh! Don Pedro.

Pedro. Truly, a most happy stratagem!

Esteban. Who have you here, Señorita? Señor, your health.

[*Bonham bows in silence*

Olivia. This, my dear father, is the brave gentleman who saved my cousin Donna Maria and myself from the Camanches, at the fountains of Loro.

Esteban. Indeed, Señor, I rejoice to see you. My daughter has already made me acquainted with your valor, and the great service you rendered herself and cousin. I love men of valor. I am one myself. I hate ingratitude, and will show that I am grateful. Señor, I kiss your hands, and beg to assure you that all that I am, and have, is at your command.

Bonham. You do me too much honor, your Excellency; the small service—

Esteban. Small service, do you call it? What! to save my daughter, Señorita Olivia de Montenegro, from a horde of rascally Camanches, a small service! By the wisdom tooth of my great grandmother, I would not suffer your enemy to speak of it so lightly. It was a great service, Señor, and you managed the rascals famously. It was a nice stratagem! You took them by surprise—I can see that. Pray tell me how you planned it: a very nice stratagem, no doubt—worthy to be studied.

Bonham. Nay, your Excellency, but there was no stratagem at all. I simply heard the screams of women, hurried to the spot, and had the good fortune to extricate your daughter and her cousin from the savages.

Esteban. Bravely done, and told with rare modesty! Still, I should have preferred that you had operated a little more by the rules of art—a little more strategetically. At all events, the affair tells for your valor. No small odds, Don Pedro, one man to some fifteen or twenty Camanches.

Bonham. But *two*, your Excellency.

Pedro. The Camanches are very cowardly scoundrels. One good man, with half a heart, is equal to a score.

Bonham, [*to Pedro.*] Did you ever manage a score of them, Señor?

Pedro, [*fiercely.*] Hey! Señor.

Esteban. Indeed, Don Pedro, but we differ very much in that opinion. But the subject of Camanche valor will serve for future discussion. Meanwhile, this noble gentleman—Señor—[*to Bonham*]—I would bring you to the knowledge of my excellent kinsman, here, Don Pedro de Zavalo, but that I have not the honor of your name.

Bonham. I am known, sir, in Mexico, as Don Amador de Aguilar.

Esteban. Don Amador de Aguilar! A good name—an historical name, as I may say. Your family came in with the conquest.

Bonham. They did, your Excellency.

Esteban. You will inherit their fortune. You are a conqueror also. You look like a man who has been used to conquest.

Pedro, [*half aside, at Bonham.*] "Great as he is in dust he lies,
He meets a greater, and he dies!"

Bonham, [*aside.*] Truly think, this gallant jeers at me:
We'll fathom him anon.

Esteban. What is't you said, Don Pedro?

Pedro. Truth, Señor, nothing of much. A poor jest, On a much poorer subject.

Esteban. A wise business that. But let me bring you to know this gentleman, Señor Don Amador de Aguilar. You should be friends. Both young, and brave, and of ancient family. Ah, if it had not been for the success of my stratagem—if we had not utterly annihilated these Texian rebels, scattered them to the four winds of heaven, how I should have rejoiced to see you two, rivals for fame and smiting hip and thigh among the runagates.

Pedro. These Texians are no Camanches—not easily driven by fine caparison and the mere show of weapons. It will require blows, absolute blows, with strong arm and good metal, I can tell Don Amador, whenever he shall meet with them! [*Touches his sword.*

Bonham. Don Pedro thinks as I do, your Excellency. He has probably met these Texians in battle. They have felt his sword. He knows them, or rather he has made them to know him by the strength of his arm. Ha! Señor, is't not so!

Pedro, [*haughtily.*] No, Señor.

Bonham. Texians are not Camanches. They will require good weapons, and it is part of my business here to seek them with mine. I am indifferently ready for any enemy, and keep up the practice sometimes with a friend behind the walls of La Guayra. It is my favorite place of practice, when in Bexar, at sunrise every morning.

[*Touches his sword and looks significantly to Pedro.*

Olivia, [*aside.*] These men mean mischief.

Esteban. Well! well! whether Camanche or Texian, I feel sure of both of you. My strategies, and your valor and vigor, would soon bury the whole banditti of Texas in the Gulf. You must go with me, Senors. My home shall be your home. Don Pedro, it has long been yours. Don Amador, it must be yours from this moment. Come!

Pedro. You must pardon me, your Excellency; but an engagement—*an engagement of honor.* [*Looking to Bonham.*

Esteban. Indeed! but this will never do. We must find another engagement for you. You must home with me. I must know Don Amador better: and you, Don Pedro, must unite with me in securing his friendship. Two such gallants are not met with every day in Bexar. Ah, Señors, we are quite too far from the great centre. The rays of Mexico seldom reach, and never warm us; and when we can lay hands, as now, upon one of its choice spirits, we must not suffer him to escape. Hear you, Don Amador. Come along! Come with me—I have a most delightful stratagem in progress.

Pedro. I too have a stratagem, your Excellency. It is very like, your friend, Don Amador, has his also. If he be the gallant that you speak him, as I do not question, he can scarcely well be without one.

Bonham. True, I have my stratagem, Señor, and am always ready for a good one, such as your Excellency and Don Pedro may propose. It is possible that I may match you both with something in return. At present, however,

I have an engagement, your Excellency, and must beg you to excuse me.

Esteban. By'r Lady! but I take this ill, Señors.

Olivia. I see that I must interpose, at last,
To end this struggle. Señor Don Amador,
Give me an arm. I pray you: nay the other—
Don Pedro will support me on the right—
You must attend me Seoors; I too have
My little stratagem,—to wake the envy
Of all the Plaza. Not a maid that passes,
And sees me thus so gallantly attended,
But sickens with vexation. 'Tis so seldom
That I have chance to move them to this measure,
I must not lose it now. You are kind, Senor
Don Amador. [*Takes the reluctant arm of Pedro.*

Bonham [*offering.*] Cheerfully, I yield me,
Dear lady, to the sweetest despotism,
And know not how to murmur.

Esteban. Well managed, Olivia. Ha! ha! You have your stratagems also. It is a gift in the family.

Pedro, [*to Bonham, looking behind Olivia.*] I trust, Senor, that you will not forget the claims of your friend. If my engagements are thus interrupted, I can assure you they are by no means forgotten.

Bonham. Never doubt me, Senor. My friend will not, and I have usually been found true to friend and foe.

Esteban. Pshaw, gentlemen, your better friends are here;
Would you seek truer? Come with me; I'll find
Friendships enough, and, may be, warmer feelings
For any dozen cavaliers. Lead, Senorita,
The day is leaving us.

Olivia. My triumph, Señor,
Must be complete. The woman's stratagem
Must make me without rival on the Plaza,
Though the day leaves us. See, they pass us by,
Nor spare the show of inward grief they feel,
At such unwonted conquest. Oh! gentlemen,
You make me proud to-day.

Bonham. It is man's pleasure
That Beauty should be proud.

Olivia. [*bowing first to Pedro, then to Bonham, while they are respectively menacing each other, and thus they go forward.*] Don Pedro!

Pedro. Señorita!

Olivia. I am too happy, Señors.

Bonham. That you should be so, with my ministry,
Leaves me still happier, lady. At your will
I let *friend and enemy wait.* As I am true
To Beauty, I will be as true to friendship,
And not less true to hate. Let them both know
That truth and valor need no better plea
Than beauty's laws prescribe. Then take me, lady,
And still the time that keeps me in your service,
My heart shall hold too short.

Esteban. Well said! Well said!
How dextrous are these Mexican gallants.
What says't Don Pedro?

Pedro. Why, that I am no Mexican gallant. Fine speeches are not my vocation; but I can strike hard blows when the time comes for it.

Esteban. Let the time come before you speak of blows.

Bonham. At least *my* speeches tell not of *my* blows. They speak for themselves.

Pedro. And mine!

Olivia. Sirs, must I wait you?

[*Exeunt omnes. The Governor leading the way, and the two rivals still supporting Olivia, and preserving an exterior of courtesy in her eyes, pass out, exchanging sinister glances at every opportunity. She turning alternately upon them, and with a smile, watching and striving to discourage their hostility.*

End of Part II.

PART III.—SCENE I.

An apartment in the palace of the Governor. He appears busy among numerous masks and dominos.

Esteban, [*solus.*] This is a matter to employ all a man's genius were it ever so fertile. But I can never doubt for a moment what I should wear myself. There! Oh! Bald headed Cæsar—laurel-tufted and trophied Roman—there! let it gratify thy awful shade, that I prefer your semblance to that of any other hero. [*Lays aside the war costume of a Roman Captain.*] Ha! who's there! What, my fair niece, my dove. [*Enter Donna Maria de Molina as from a journey.*] My antelope! Welcome! Better late than never. How came you so late? I had quite given you up for the *Bal Masquè.*

Maria. Bal Masque, dear uncle, and when?

Esteban. To-night. This very night.

Maria. Then I am still in time. I would not have lost it for the world. And how's my dearest Olivia: and you, how do you sleep now—better?

Esteban. Famously. Like a Bell bird of Brazil, with a tremendous ringing in all my ears.

Maria. How terrible! A ringing in your ears?

Esteban. Delightful rather. It is the ringing of the bells of Mexico that I hear, and have heard for the last three nights in honor of my victory.

Maria. Victory! What victory? Over whom?

Esteban. The rebels,—the Texians; these runagate Anglo-Americans—the degenerate sons of Washington.

Maria. What, have you beaten them?

Esteban: Into powder. They are dispersed forever. 'Twas a prodigious affair. I operated upon them in two ways, but chiefly by stratagem.

Maria. How I rejoice.

Esteban. You may well. You may now travel to Santa Fe without an escort.

Maria. You forget the Camanches, uncle, and the scene at the rancho of Loro.

Esteban. No, indeed; and let me tell you that there is at this very moment, and in these very walls, the very cavalier to whom you owed your rescue on that occasion.

Maria, [*with curiosity and doubt.*] Ah!

Esteban. So!

Maria. Possible!

Esteban. That very cavalier.

Maria. This very moment!

Esteban. In this very house.

Maria. And—

Esteban. With Olivia.

Maria. Dear Olivia, let me fly and embrace her.

Esteban. Stop. Hark a moment before you go. I

have a little stratagem. The idea takes me suddenly. Quite an inspiration. I have it now

Maria. Have what!

Esteban. Look you, Maria—do you remember this cavalier? Had you strength and courage in the moment of danger, to open your eyes and see who it was to whom you owed life and honor?

Maria, [*hesitating.*] I am not sure; and yet I think I did see him. I have some notion that he was a person—a sort of a man.

Esteban. A person! a sort of a man! Very good, very definite and particular. Well, you shall see him. He will make you open your eyes. A person—a sort of a man. And this of one of the bravest looking of all the cavaliers of the country.

Maria, [*aside.*] As if I knew not *that!*

Esteban. You shall see him. You shall say then. It may be that I may then let you into my new stratagem—may possibly ask you to assist a little in the scheme.

Maria. Again—another stratagem! Always a stratagem, uncle.

Esteban. And why not! What is life itself but a stratagem—a great bundle of stratagems running on from seven years to seventy. We rise with the dawn to plan, to set snares, dig pitfalls, scheme, trap and take the prey, all of us—man and woman alike: man for the conquest of the world, and woman for the conquest of the conqueror! Have you no stratagems, wench?

Maria. Me! Stratagems. Blessed mother, what a question. What sort of stratagems do you think such a head as mine could carry?

Esteban. Simple ones enough, doubtless, unless the heart takes a share in the business, and then a woman is nothing but a stratagem. It may be that mine at present will become yours. We shall see.

Maria. Tell me only—does it concern this cavalier?

Esteban. Yes.

Maria. Must it concern me, too, uncle?

Esteban. Come! come! That is asking quite too much at one time. I must surprise you with it. I like surprises above all things; a passion that proves my military propensities. One of them, by the way—one of the greatest is about to ripen. This very night, girl—hark you, the mine is to be sprung under Olivia, and she will be in the skies when she least expects it.

Maria. Oh, horrible! What a dreadful design. In the skies when she least expects it. Why, uncle, what can you mean! What has Olivia done to incur such a fate. This is a sort of gunpowder business. Blow up! What a horrible idea.

Esteban. Delightful rather. What should I mean by sending her to the skies, but sending her to heaven?

Maria. But what if she don't want to go to heaven at this early warning.

Esteban. But my process will make her quite happy.

Maria. She does not say so. What if she prefers her own time for it, and by a different process. One does'nt like to be hurried, uncle, even on the high road to happiness.

Esteban. A good phrase that. I like it. The High-road to Happiness. Silly creature, what should be a young girl's idea of the skies and heaven and happiness!

Maria. I'm sure I don't know. I never thought much of either.

Esteban. Oh, what a simpleton you are. Why, what should be a young girl's idea of happiness but marriage; of heaven but a husband; of the skies but a region where all day long she might be catching the sweetest rose-colored loves, and boxing them up for winter. Heaven is only the marriage state under good regulations.

Maria. What! and you are going to marry Olivia to this strange cavalier! Ah—

Esteban. No, indeed. She must find her happiness from another quarter. You know our kinsman Don Pedro de—

Maria, [*eagerly.*] Zavalo. Is he the man!

Esteban. The same.

Maria, [*curiously.*] Will she marry him?

Esteban. Doubtless. But I have yet to surprise her with the arrangement. In that consists my stratagem. The explosion takes place to-night: Scene, the *bal masqué:* time, midnight. 'Twill be a most famous *coup de theatre.*

Maria. I rejoice that I am in season for it. I feel relieved. I had begun to tremble for my stranger cavalier. [*Aside.*]

Esteban. What think you of my plan.

Maria. Excellent. Don Pedro is just the person for Olivia.

Esteban. Is he not? So brave.

Maria. So handsome.

Esteban. With so much spirit.

Maria. And so much money.

Esteban. He will cover his family with honour.

Maria. He will cover his bride with jewels.

Esteban. He fences splendidly.

Maria. And waltzes like Myrtillo.

Esteban. Has so much talent.

Maria. And such a lovely hacienda.

Esteban. Is such an adroit diplomatist.

Maria. And wears such a beautiful mustache.

Esteban. Is it not a charming prospect? Was there ever such a plot! What a joyful surprise for Olivia.

Maria. It should make her very happy.

Esteban. Should it not? Ah, you puss. But, hark you, this is all secret. Mum's the word; and, when all's over—then, hey! for my other stratagem.

Maria, [*indifferently.*] That concerns the stranger.

Esteban. Yes, indeed. And another of my acquaintance of the other sex. How ignorant and innocent the creature looks. She little dreams my purpose to blow her up also—send her to the skies after the fashion of Olivia. [*Aside.*

Maria [*aside.*] He is transparent enough. Heaven knows. Well, Heaven prosper it. I am prepared for a blow up, in such company, at a moment's warning.

Esteban. And now, Maria, for Olivia, with whom you will see this strange cavalier—this person, this sort of a man. Ha! ha! ha! Such a description of Don Amador—

Maria. Don Amador: is that his name?

Esteban. Don Amador de Aguilar; as brave a looking gentleman as comes from Mexico. Come. Put mum! Remember—not a word to Olivia. My hand, that prepared the mine, must fire the train. [*Exit Esteban.*

Maria, [*following.*] To all my hopes auspicious, grant it, Blessed
Maria: for since I've seen this man, I see
No other. [*Exit Maria.*

—

SCENE II.

A Saloon in the Governor's Palace. Bonham and Olivia discovered.

Olivia. You will come fashioned like a monk.

Bonham. And you?

Olivia. A nun in solemn sables; on my arm
This antique cross, a relique of my mother,

Will teach you to distinguish me from others
In a like habit.

Bonham. 'Twill not need, Olivia;
That shape, that air; I shall not fail to know you
Among a thousand nuns all dress'd in sable.

Olivia. Ah!

Bonham. Hark! those voices?

Enter Esteban and Maria.

Maria, [*running to Olivia.*] My dear Olivia.

Olivia. Dearest cousin, welcome.

Esteban. Don Amador, you see here another damsel who owes her safety to your valour. My niece, Donna Maria de Molina, of the Molinas who came in with the conqueror. The family is as old as your own. An old tree, but with precious fine fruit upon it yet.

Maria, [*to Bonham.*] My brave deliverer! Oh, how many thanks
My heart holds for you.

Esteban. Let it empty them. Don Amador is such a modest man, that you cannot say too much to encourage him. He is the person, the sort of man, you know.
[*Half aside to Maria.*

Maria. Oh, fie, sir. Hush, this is no stratagem.

Esteban. I have half a mind to tell, but I spare you. I leave you with him that your acquaintance may ripen. I have all the world to attend to. The *Bal Masqué* to-night is enough to give me a week's employment. And then; but mum! [*Looking significantly to Maria and whispering,*] not a word. Don Amador, I kiss your hands. Ladies a thousand. [*Exit Governor.*

Maria, [*to Bonham.*] So soon your flight after your gallant service,
We had no time for thanks.

Bonham. Good service in the cause of youth and beauty,
Brings its own tribute, lady.

Maria. But the duty
Is not the less of those, who win the service,
To yield the grateful homage of their hearts:
Senor, pray honor me by wearing this
Poor token of my bosom's gratitude,
Upon the bosom whose impulsive valor,
Deserves a nobler tribute. [*Giving a jewel.*

Bonham. Dearest lady,
Reward or token of acknowledgment
My service needs not. I will wear this jewel,
Not as the proof of virtue in my bosom,
But generous worth in thine.

Maria. Senor, nay,
Disparage not the gallantry which makes
The woman's heart do homage; all her pride
Forgotten, and no feeling in her soul,
Save as it tends to worship. Do not shame
With much too humble estimate the gift,
Which heaven makes doubly precious in success.

Olivia, [*aside*] How charmingly she looks; how earnestly
Eye, lip and brow according. Should he see
Her loveliness as I do.

Bonham, [*to Maria.*] To hear more
Were to grow vain of common properties:
The common strength of man, skill in his weapon,
And the spontaneous impulses which drive him
To use them for the succour of the feeble
By brutal might oppress'd.

Maria, [*earnestly and with subdued tones.*] How much I envy
The better fortunes of my lovely cousin,
To have known you so much longer. To have seen you,
And so much better to have shown the feeling
Both hearts must own forever.

Bonham. You but pain me,
By such too lavish bounty of your praise,
That mocks my service. 'Twas a happy fortune
That led me to the humblest deed of manhood.
The meanest boor of Mexico had striven,
With heart and hand like mine, were the occasion
So dear to him as mine.

Maria. 'Tis all in vain,
Don Amador, you undervalue service,
We value not enough. We know too well
The boors of Mexico, to look for succour,
So measureless as thine. The age of valor,
That generous passion, which, in search of glory,
Seeks evermore the paths of strife and danger,
Heedless of any recompense, but only
Smiles of the lovely, praises of the good,
Is of rare finding now. We must not lose it
When in the sight it walks. Pray let me know you,
When other cares will suffer, and the smiles
Of our dear cousin here, will grant you absence;
My father Don Fernando de Molina,
Will joy to show, in welcome that he gives you,
How much he loves his daughter.

Olivia, [*aside.*] How well she speaks.

Bonham, [*to Maria.*] A not unnatural love. Believe me, lady,
'Twill make me proud to know him. [*Prepares to go.*

Olivia, [*timidly.*] You leave us, Senor.

Bonham, [*aside to Olivia*] Oh, how unwillingly!

Olivia. [*aside to Bonham.*] One word more—
Beware of Don Zavalo. For my sake
Seek him not, Amador.

Bonham, [*aside to Olivia*] Fear nothing, my beloved.

Maria, [*aside.*] They whisper! O, my jealous soul,
I tremble
Lest they should love! I hate her! How I hate her!

Bonham, [*approaching Maria.*] Thanks, lady, for your kindness. It will gladden
To make me useful in your future service:
Command my sword and honor.

Maria, [*in low tones musingly.*] Alas! for woman, Senor,
That cannot well believe, yet dare not doubt.

Bonham. Ladies, farewell: we meet again to-night.
[*Exit Bonham.*

Maria. To-night!

Olivia. To-night!

Maria. You echo me, dear cousin.

Olivia. Methought it was Don Amador that said,
To-night.

Maria, [*aside.*] Even as I feared, she loves him!—
Why so he did; and so did both of us.
You seem bewildered cousin. As you live,
You scarce have bid me welcome.

Olivia. Sure I have.
I feel a thousand welcomes, my Maria.

Maria. Art sure?

Olivia. You cannot doubt, but tell me, my Maria,
What think you of Don Amador?

Maria. What think you?

Olivia. I fear to tell you.

Maria, [*quickly.*] Tell me not you love him!

Olivia. Wherefore?

Maria. 'Twere your misfortune, cousin.

Olivia. Wherefore, still?

Maria. Come with me to your chamber; I have something
To pour into your ear, of such strong power,
Shall either make you very sad or merry,
Shall lift you into happiness, or sink

Your baffled heart and hope, as low from hope,
As hell can be from heaven.
Olivia. You affright me!
Give me this fearful secret; speak your tidings,
Lest in my terror I conceive them worse
Than human wo can make them.
Maria. Love not this man!
Olivia. Amador!
Maria. Oh, feeble heart—
Caught at a glance, snared by the passing vision,
Without a hope to cling to. To the chamber—
Oh, cousin—wherefore—
Olivia. Mock me not thus, Maria. Oh! my heart,
One moment,—now—speak out and do not trifle;
You do not sport with me,—you cannot, cousin.
Maria. Look on me, dear Olivia—do mine eyes
Lighten with merry thoughts—upon my cheek,
See'st thou the laughing spirit of mischief there—
Eager in malice, or thoughtlessness to revel,
In the sweet misery of a sister's heart.
Olivia. Oh, no! I will not doubt thee. 'Tis in earnest;
Those eyes now fill with tears—those words now falter:
Come with me to my chamber. There!
[*Exit Olivia.*
Maria, [*following.*] Ay, cousin—
And there I'll cozen thee with such a tale,
Shall make thy head to ache, thy heart to ail.
[*Exit Maria.*

SCENE III.

A Wild and Mountainous region. The Texian army in movement. Groups pass over the stage, partisan fashion, and in picturesque costume. Enter Sparrow, Davies and other Texians in the foreground.

Sparrow. Though a man of some bulk, I am yet a man of movement. I have no passion for a quiet life. I'm for action, whether the object for assault be foe or food, soldier or supper. I have a large territory to endanger, as well as to supply; but that makes me no more cautious than if I were a Calvin Edson. Let the battle come when it pleases. The sooner the better. This city of San Antonia de Bexar, they tell me, is a sort of little Mexico, where the gold may be had for the gathering.

Davis. You are too old a bird, Sparrow, to be seasoned by that salt. For my part I never yet found more gold in one place than another, and I think with the preacher, that gold is the root of all evil.

Sparrow. Indeed! I would I had many such roots to set out in my garden. The cotton crop might go hang for me, and the Liverpool market along with it. The preachers, too,—but let them say what they will, I never yet found one of them who found his salary clogged with too many such roots. They were never too numerous for his religion.

Davis. This is rather dull talk, Sparrow, just as we are about to have cracked crowns and broken noses. Can't we change the music in some manner, and hurra for something.

Sparrow. Ay! You may. We will hurra! Here goes! Hurra for nothing! Will that suit? Change the music, to be sure; but do you see the singer in my visage? Do I sing small like a woman. That's not my vocation, Davis. Look about you as the boys come by and get a singer; but the Anglo-Norman breed is better at shouting than singing. Of our three hundred now, not ten of us can turn a ballad, but not one of us that can't scare a Mexican's soul out of his breeches by one hallo!

Davis. Here's the very man, Joe Kennedy, from Alabama. He sings famously, and makes his own songs as he goes.

Sparrow. Such a fellow has his uses, even as a singer. I can understand him. Let him make us something now to warm the fellows for a brush.

Enter Kennedy and Texians.

Davis. In season, Joe. A song to shorten the journey. We have been talking here about that root of all evils, gold; which we are to gather here in this little Mexico, San Antonio, until, somehow, we've got the dolefuls. Give us something fine and fiery.

Kennedy. I heard you! Get your ears ready and your hands. If I am to sing, I must be clapped, mark you, just as they clap your theatre fellows who sing well, as all theatre fellows would sing, were they—

Davis. What!

Kennedy. Joe Kennedy.

Sparrow. Put your spirit into your song, my lad, and blaze away.

Kennedy, [*sings.*]

1.

My banner to the breeze,
And my bowie at my side—
My barque upon the seas,
And the single star my guide;
I shall lay the oyster bare,
To pluck forth its precious fruit,
And these evils that ye fear,
I will gather at the root.
And the evils, &c. [*bis.*

2.

We are soldiers of the north,
And we know like men to fight;
We have gone to battle forth,
With old England in her might;
We have spirits born to dare,
We can smite and we can shoot,
And the evils that ye fear,
We will gather from the root.
And the evils, &c. [*bis.*

3.

Do you speak of coming 'hours,
When to battle we must go;
We are ready, by the powers,
To awaken any foe;
We shall teach them that the bold,
Still inherit all the fruits,
And their moustaches and gold,
We shall pluck up by the roots.
And their moustaches, &c, [*bis.*

Sparrow. Good I say. Three cheers for amateur Kennedy. He has done the thing famously. Such a song as that would give a fellow an appetite for any thing, eating or fighting. It meets our case exactly, Kennedy, your hands. I shall think well of you forever after, and whenever an extra delicacy offers—a sleek tongue of a young buffalo bull,—you shall be in for a slice. A good chorus that, [*Sings.*

"And their moustaches and gold,
We shall pluck up by the roots,"

My fingers feel as if they were at it already. [*Sings.*

"Their moustaches and gold
We shall pluck up by the roots;
We shall pluck."

Davis. Stop your hurraing—here's the Colonel, boys.

Enter Milam and others.

Milam. Ye loiter men. Ye should be on the march;
By midnigh. we must be at Bexar's gates,
If we would find them open. Ye must haste.
Ye have no wealth, no gold, no cumbrous baggage
To weigh your shoulders down—your rifles only,
And you wil' lighten them at every shot,
That brings an enemy down. Away, our friends
Are busy now in Bexar. 'Tis my hope
That we shall win the spoils of yonder town,
With scarce a struggle—follow fast, my lads.

[*Exit Milam and aids.*

Sparrow. Talk of a struggle with these Mexicans!
Fellows that never tasted British beef,
Know nothing of a steak, and *à la mode*,
Have never in their wildest fancies dreamed of.
Tortillas are but poor provocatives,
And all the *chile* in Chili could not warm them
To a death struggle with a beef-fed soldier.
Where are their limbs and sinews?

Davis. Eyes to shoot,
A rifle, or the dexterity to use
The knife Jim Bowie gave us.

Sparrow. I could eat
A dozen for my supper,—with a dressing,
Made up of all their thirteen thousand generals,
From the Napoleon of the west himself,
To Senor Ampudia. I feel wolfish,
With cannibal convictions. On, away,
We'll think of supper as we smite and slay.

[*Exit Sparrow, Davis, &c.*

Chorus of Texians as they march off.

"We shall teach them that the bold
Still inherit all the fruits
And their moustaches and gold,
We shall pluck up by the roots."

Enter R. Harris and E. Harris.

R. Harris. They're on the march, and battle is at hand
A desperate struggle. Something tells me now,
My hour is near at last. The fate's at hand
Shall lay me in the silence I have sought.
I have had warning of it. Hither, boy, [*To E Harris.*
I somehow like you. You have hung about me
More than I wished. I could not quarrel with you,
For, as I tell you, something in your face,
It may be, in your voice, has made me like you!
My head ached and you chafed it. I was lonesome;
You sat beside me, and you talked with me,—
Albeit you talked of subjects foreign to me,
Of God, repentance, hope, lessons too late,
For one so old a learner as myself.
Your voice was pleasant to me. It had something,
That minded me of other times and persons,
I never more shall see. Come closer, boy.

E. Harris. What would you with me, sir.

R. Harris. A kindness only—
I have not often done them, but, to you,
I would not have you perish.

E. Harris. What mean you, sir.

R. Harris. A battle is at hand.

E. Harris. Ah.

R. Harris. A fearful one perchance. You are no soldier;
You'll prove, I'm sure, a coward in the action,
And that were dreadful. You must stay behind.

E. Harris. Stay behind! I cannot.

R. Harris. Can you fight then?

E. Harris. I know not. I have never fought before,—
Never took life, never as I remember,
Hurt hair on human head; but—

R. Harris. Well—and what.

E. Harris. Sooner than not go on. Sooner than leave you,
I'll try to kill.

R. Harris. You have'n't soul for it.
Your lips belie your tongue. Your very tones
Betray your terrors. You are not the creature
For such wild doings. You must stay behind
In silence, while the troop is on the march;
The night will favor you, and with this money—[*Offers purse.*

E. Harris. I cannot take your money, sir.

R. Harris. [*fiercely.*] You must.

E. Harris. [*firmly.*] Never.

R. Harris. What! not remain behind, nor take the money.

E. Harris. No, though I perish, though I prove the coward
You hold me, and I sadly think myself,
I must go forward. It may be my arm
Will shrink from doing hurt to human foe,
But I can stand and suffer. I'll not fly,
But perish where you place me.

R. Harris. What good in that?
In battle to stand idle, is worse danger
Than cowardice and flight. You must not go.

E. Harris. I must. If in your heart a warning voice
Tells you of coming death, in mine another,
Compels me to encounter any peril
Sooner than leave my comrades.

R. Harris. You are foolish.
You have no comrades. I'm the only man,
That you have mixed with.

E. Harris. You're my comrade then.

R. Harris. And do I not assure that for me
Death even now stands waiting.

E. Harris. I'll see you die.

R. Harris. You're obstinate, boy.

E. Harris Oh, firm sir, nothing more.

R. Harris. Poor lad. I pity you. You little dream
The dangers that await you—little guess
The shock, the carnage, bleeding men and blood,
Hoarse cries of hate, and vengeance, and of pain—
Here, take the money, linger in some cabin,
Such as you'll find among these hollow dales,
And there await the action.

E. Harris. Sir, forgive me.
But I must seek and see it; all the peril
Which you incur I share in. In this purpose
My soul, though feebler, fearfuller than any
In all our little army, still is firm.
I go with you.

R. Harris. On then, in heaven's name, on;
We may delay no longer. Follow close.

[*Exit R. Harris.*

E Harris. In heaven's name be it, for I dare not think,
Heaven will not shelter us on danger's brink.

[*Exit.*

—

SCENE IV.

The groves near the convent of La Guayca. The walls of the convent shining white from the hills in the distance.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. He comes not. Curses on him. Should he fail me.
Let him not hope to 'scape me. I will slay him
Without remorse, though grasping on the altar,
He called upon the Blessed Host for succor.
My dearest hope he perils. All my heart
Is full of her perfections, and her's only.
And shall he rob me of them! Have I lived
And toiled, nor seemed to seek, and loved at distance,
Still unpresuming lest I should endanger
The precious gift I coveted, for this!
But no. It shall not. I will to the palace
And drag him from her presence, though she pleaded
With all the eloquence of love and beauty,
And—but it needs not. My impatient spirit
Be hush'd. He comes, mine enemy comes, to perish.

Enter Bonham.

Oh! you are here at last. I've waited long
And somewhat dreaded lest my hints, too guarded,
Had failed to touch your valor. 'Twas my fear,
That I should have to press upon your pleasure,
Disturb you in the presence of your mistress,
And goad you by impatient word and buffet
To do your weapon justice.

Bonham, [*coolly.*] Angry, Señor?

Pedro. I am. I hate you.

Bonham. Wherefore?

Pedro. Enough. I hate.
Hate to destroy.

Bonham. Nay! Nay! I trust not, Señor;
I'm in no mood to perish at this moment.
Now when the sun shines brightly on my future
That never shone before. What angers you?

Pedro. My answer's in my sword.

Bonham. To fight you now
We're only to assail you at advantage—
You're feverish now, scarce master of your weapon,
Let us forbear a season while you tell me,
Wherefore your wrath.

Pedro. Enough! It is my humor.

Bonham. That's not enough for me. Why should I fight
To gratify your humours? You must show me
Some cause of provocation.

Pedro. Will a blow do it.

Bonham. Nay 'twill not need! If you're so desperate,
You force the fight. I will not be dishonored;
Will fight you when you please.

Pedro. Be it now then.

Bonham. Be it so; and yet I would 'twere otherwise.
My cue is not for fighting. On this weapon
Hangs fifty times the value of your life.

Pedro. Dost mock me!

Bonham. Such madness might deserve my utmost scorn.
Most like I do.

Pedro. ~~My~~ taunt shall break thy teeth. Come on. Come on,
And bear me Señor,—such is my conviction,
That you are in my path, the deadliest foe
That ever fate rear'd up against my fortunes,
That I have sworn, by all I prize the most,
To slay you without pity, even as the hunter,
Spears the wild boar that griding on his weapon,
In death betrays the malice of a passion
That death alone defeats.

Bonham. Child fury, Señor,
Unworthy of a man. Your oath is idle,
If you rely on such. We are apt to fight,
If right I read your anger, for the favor
Of the fair lady in the palace here.

Pedro. And if the prize be precious in your sight,
As still it is to mine, I challenge you
Fight like a man.

Bonham. I have been thought a man;
Will fight as one, but not one blow to prove
My love for her. I will not wrong her beauty
To make her youth, her charms, her innocence,
The prize of ruffian strife. 'Tis for your humor
That I make bare my weapon. I am ready—
Now stand we point and foot to foot.
And play your game as all your wealth were on it—
Your blood upon your head.

Pedro. The blood of both,
If need be, but no words.

Bonham. Let the steel speak. [*They fight.*]
It makes a merry music—
Might touch with fear the maids in yonder convent
Could they but see our danger, and know farther,
That we are young, both bachelors and fighting,
Because there still are beauties in the land,
And love is not an exile.

[*This is spoken merrily, in broken sentences as the play of the duel will allow. Bonham being quite playful, while Pedro becomes more and more furious.*]

Pedro. [*Fight and pause.*] Sehn! is this fighting?

Bonham. It is the music I use when the mood suits me;
You are too angry, Señor, for a swordsman,
Your play is rash and wild. In cooler moments
Your weapon were a good one.

Pedro. You laugh at me.

Bonham. I can't do else. You are no match for me.

Pedro. Demonios! We shall see. [*Resumes the fight more desperately and Bonham disarms him.*

Bonham. The day is mine.
Your life is at my mercy.

Pedro. Take it then.

Bonham. Away! You are a madman.

Pedro. I shall be
'Till I have vengeance. [*Draws a dagger and rushes on Bonham.*

Bonham. Fool. [*flings him off and wrests the dagger from him.*]
For this too, as you see, I am prepared.

Pedro. Hell's curses on thee. We shall meet again.
[*Exit Pedro.*

Bonham. [*Solus—putting up his sword.*]
'Tis well the time is short. A few more hours
And we may laugh to scorn the single danger
Of one man's jealous rage. Yet 'twas a risk
I did not idly covet—did not seek.
Upon the safety of this single life
Hangs the best hope of Texas—hangs the fate
Of San Antonio. Bexar, to her fall,
Nods at my signal. The Alamo's walls
That now frown darkly 'ob the distant plain,
Shall, in a few brief hours, obey my voice
Or silence me forever in her keeps.
How heavy grows this silence. As if night
Were burden'd with its weight of doom already.
Would it were over. Be but Milam true
And I grow happy in the loves I win,
Or tremble with the doubts of love no more.
The hour awaits the man, and he is here.
[*Exit Bonham.*

PART IV.—SCENE I.

Night. Within the Ramparts of Bexar. The sentries lie sleeping by the gate. Enter Bonham and Crockett with the keys.

Bonham. The gates are ours, the sentinels asleep—
Your work is ended, comrade, barely ended—
Milan is on his march. In three hours more
Comes the grand struggle. Meanwhile for the mask;
You, garb'd as the Camanche, are secure,
In silence; but beware of speech to any—
Your tongue were fatal to us. You can play,
The masker, as a hunter, happily,
By signs and action;—but the tongue, the tongue;
Keep that in bonds, dear comrade.

Crockett. A needful warning enough, major, to an ex-member of Congress. But if I was Quincy Adams now, you would lecture me in vain. He, poor fellow, can't help his tongue. But the hunter who has properly larned his rifle to make his speeches, knows pretty well when he ought to keep silent himself.

Bonham. Do so, to-night, and all goes as it should.
Now to your preparations. Bring your weapons,
Be in full costume, as an armed Camanche,
The masque will sanction it. Beneath my cassock,
I am a Texian. When you hear my bugle,
Make answer with your own. 'Twill waken Milan's
And the full chorus of our shouting comrades
Will waken Bexar, not again to sleep,
'Till she or we are silent, or subdued.
Away 'Tis victory or death to-night.

[*Exit Bonham.*

Crockett. Well. Who's afraid of victory? Not I,
And as for death—we'll *call* it victory.

[*Exit Crockett.*

SCENE II.

The chamber of Donna Maria. She is preparing for the Ball, with Jacintha in attendance.

Jacintha. There Señorita, you are ready. Truly you are a princess. The great princess Papantzin, whose dress you wear, never looked half so beautiful in the times of Montezuma. You will win every heart in Bexar.

Maria. Have you done your best? I tell you, Jacintha, my fate hangs upon this night.

Jacintha. Oh that's what you 've said a thousand times before.

Maria. But never 'till now in earnest. On this night I peril all my hope.

Jacintha. What to a man?

Maria. Ay but one among a thousand. But go forth,
See if my cousin's ready. I would see her.
See if she's ready? That I know. She is not.

[*Exit Jacintha.*

And will not be to-night. The blow I've struck,
Will keep her in her chamber. To make certain,
'Twill need another. I will urge upon her
A frank submission to her father's will,
Show her the hopelessness of any struggle,
Dwell loudly on the sinfulness of passion,
That wars with filial duty: and in painting,
Make doubly odious, to her shuddering spirit,
These nuptials that she loathes! Ah! if I err not,
The arrow from my bow, already shot,
Sticks fast and deep, and, humbled in her terror,
She keeps her chamber close. The *Bal Masqué*
Shall be *my* field of triumph. Do I look
Prepared for conquest? Are my charms displayed,
In happiest fashion? Is there, in my habit,
My glance, the free array of linked beauties,
The smile that smarts, the danger that invites,
The flowing tresses that, in youthful fancies,
Beguile and lead them wanton,—'till the heart
Clings to the one perfection it beholds,
And knows one faith forever? Are these mine?
Look I, indeed, the princess, born for sway
O'er hearts and o'er affections,—prouder sway,
Than sovrans over subjects?
—Mock me not—[*addressing the mirror.*]
Thou bright misleader of the weak heart's passion,
That, through the blinding spells of vanity,
Presents a lovelier image to the owner,
Than charms the stranger's eye Delude me not,
Bright mirror, nor abuse that easy faith
That woman gives thee still. I must believe thee!
This form, these eyes, this port of regal splendor,
Were made for conquest. Shall it be to-night!
I wait not for thy answer.

Re-enter Jacintha.

Speak Jacintha! My cousin?

Jacintha. Why, Señorita, your cousin's not dressed. And does not mean to dress for the *Bal Masqué.*

Maria. I'll go to her. Auspicious to my prayer,
The field is won—I have no rival there.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III.

The chamber of Olivia. She sits in a desponding attitude—her hands crossed in her lap—her head drooping upon her bosom. Duenna in attendance.

Duenna. My child, shake off this sadness. Take the counsel of one who honors the world—who loves you dearly, as if she were your mother. You're too quick, to hearken evil tidings.

Olivia. Stay! she comes!

Enter Maria followed by Jacintha.

Maria. Can it be possible, my dear Olivia,
You do not go to-night!

Olivia, [*with a sad smile.*] You see, my cousin.

Maria. But why this, Olivia?

Olivia, [*reproachfully.*] Can *you* ask?

Maria. Ah! but your father's wishes—well, you know
How much his fond designs—his dearest hopes,
The all that he has schemed for, hang upon it.

Olivia. 'Tis for that very reason I remain.

Maria. Surely you will not then oppose your father.

Olivia. I know not—cannot think. I must have time.
Let us not speak of it now. I sent for you
To see your dress. 'Tis very beautiful.
You look the princess. You were born for conquest—
Will conquer. Go, my cousin; I'll not keep you.

Maria. It makes me sad to see you so—to leave you—
It vexes me, I told you.

Olivia. Let it not.

'Twere a worse sadness, cousin, unto me,
To have a suitor forced upon my hand,
In presence of the goodly company,
Against the natural feeling of my heart.

Maria. Surely, my cousin, you do wrong Don Pedro;
He seems to me a proper gentleman—
Well formed and brave—a handsome cavalier.

Olivia. No more, dear cousin—not to theme like this
Can I give ear. Go you to easy conquest
If such as he find favor in your sight—
I doubt not you will conquer where you choose:
You cannot choose but conquer. You were made
For queenly station—brow and eye commanding,
Stately and beautiful.

Maria. You do but flatter, cousin.

Olivia. Alas! I have no heart for flattery—
You may believe me. You are beautiful,
And will be sovereign in all eyes to-night.

Maria. It deepens my regret for your own sake,
You are not there on mine. I'd have you see
My conquests, dear Olivia. What you say
Fills me with hope. I hasten to secure them,
For you must know that, like Don Esteban,
I too have plots and little stratagems,
And,—but you do not hear me.
Well! I leave you.
Good night. Good night.

[*Exeunt Maria and Jacintha.*

Olivia. Good night. Be prosperous, cousin.

Duenna. You wish against yourself, my child!

Olivia. How so?

Duenna. Your last words to your cousin.

Olivia. And they?—

Duenna. Still wish'd she might be prosperous to-night.

Olivia. Do I not wish it?

Duenna. At your own expense?

Olivia. What is it that you mean?

Duenna. Your cousin's *not* your friend.

Olivia. Fie, mother; Fie.

Duenna. She knows not friendship. Has not, in her heart,
A single feeling for you; loves herself,
And has her stratagems to help herself;
Why counsel you to give up Amador,
Marry Don Pedro, at your father's bidding,
Without a word of pleading in his ears,
Though well she knows he loves you in his heart,
Above all other objects? 'Tis my notion,
She loves Don Amador herself—

Olivia. Oh, no!

Duenna. Yes, but 'tis very probable, my child.
The cavalier's a noble gentleman,
None like him in all Bexar—just the man,
That she would like to have. Why should she take
This time to tell you of your father's scheme,
But just to keep you from the ball to-night,
To have him to herself.

Olivia, [*rousing herself.*] You half persuade me.

Duenna. I am sure of it.

Olivia. Such was my own suspicion, swift and sharp
As summer lightning from the cloud unseen,
But that my heart repelled it in its fondness,
Lest I should wrong my cousin. We have slept
On the same couch together fifteen years—
Linked in each other's arms; we've prayed together,
Confessed our mutual cares to one another,—
Our loves, our fears, our hopes, and still I fancied
The early link that knit our hearts in childhood,
Time never could have broken. Could I think it—
Could I believe?—but no! I will not wrong her
By any doubt like this.

Duenna. You do not wrong her.

Olivia. I will not, but I'll baffle her, if wrong
Lurk in her heart to me. Go, dear Ursula,
Get me the gipsy garb I wore at Rosas;
She has not seen it, will not know me in it,
I'll habit me in that;

[*Exit Duenna.*

I'll watch her movement,
And see the joys I have no heart to share.
Ah! bitterness, to find the colors fade,
The brightness from the day, the balm from night,
Sweet from the evening air, and scent from earth;
The parent heedless—the friend false—the heart,
In peril and dependence, needing succor,
Yet with no faith in him that offers it.
Nay, Amador, I wrong thee, thou shalt have it,
My heart, my faith, my hope, my all of being
Unquestioning if thou wilt. Within thy bosom
I'll place the trust, by father and by friend
Equally wronged—that never questions love,
And looks to love and heaven for all its succor.

[*Exit Olivia.*

—

SCENE IV.

Splendid saloon in Governor's Palace for the Bal Masqué. Individual masques and groups discovered. They engage in the Spanish dance. Enter Governor as Julius Cæsar, and Don Pedro as the Grand Turk.

Pedro. You make a famous Roman.

Esteban. *The* famous Roman—I am Julius Cæsar.!

Pedro. You look the hero famously! But she,—
Where's your fair daughter—how does she appear?

Pedro. You'll find her somewhere, as a nun, in sable.

Pedro. I see a dozen such.

Esteban. Then must you try your wits in seeking her.
I've nothing more to tell you.

Pedro. This Don Amador,
Does he come here to night?

Esteban. Be sure of it.

Pedro. How habited?

Esteban. Nay, nay, Don Pedro, you must pardon me,
That is a question out of precedent.

Pedro. Save in particular cases; this is one of them;
Knowing your admiration for him, I desire
To show him marked distinction, as a stranger,
During the progress of the festival.

Esteban. Ah! that indeed. He comes, then, as a monk,
There—you will find him in yon group,—dost see him,
His head above the others?

[*Exit Esteban.*

Pedro. [*gloomily.*] It is he!
The instinct of my hate had taught me truly.
Now will I set a blood-hound on his path,
Who shall not sleep until his fierce pursuit
Avenges my dishonor.

Enter Canales the Braco, in the garb of a muleteer.

Canales. You see me here.

Pedro. Hist! 'Tis he! Thou'lt do it? [*pointing to Bonham.*

Canales. The monk!

Pedro. He is no monk. He is mine enemy,
The dearest to my hate.

Canales. His grave is dug.

Pedro. To-night.

Canales. Ay! When he leaves the palace.

Pedro, [*draws him aside.*] It cannot be too soon for my hurt honor;
His shadow chills my path. He stands between
My heart and all its sunshine.
Canales. Take your sleep—
His shadow will be less before to-morrow!
The sun that sets for him, shall rise for you;
He troubles you no longer.
Pedro, [*giving money.*] Be this the earnest
Of that which follows when the deed is done.
Canales. Account it done.
[*Exit Bravo who is thence seen to hang upon the footsteps of Bonham.*
Pedro. Then shall I sleep . . . . and thou,
My proud and powerful enemy,—thou too
Shalt take thy sleep in death, accursed foe!
The first to teach me what it is to tremble
With loss of hope in love, and loss of faith,
In mine own weapon. Be the earth upon thee
Before the smiling sunlight blesses earth.
[*Exit Pedro.*

Bonham Advances.

Bonham. She fails me—and the hours are waning fast:
Should Milam fail me too.

Enter Crockett.

Ah! my dear comrade.
Crockett. Major, this is famous fine. My head is a swimming fairly in the blaze of glory, jest as it used to swim when I looked on old Hickory's. It's wonderful handsome. I never seed the thing better done at the White House, even in Van's day, when Ogle got frightened at the gold spoons. Lord, what a shine of dresses. There's gold and silver enough about 'em to build a church, not leaving out the steeple. And look at the diamonds; I reckon, Major, them's the ra'al grit, jest sich as we'll git out of the gold mines if we ever git into them.
Bonham. In truth, good comrade, there is much to dazzle
Such simple eyes as ours. But we've a purpose
That must not suffer mind or thought to wander
From the great duty we have here in hand.
Let not the brightness blind you to the loss
Of proper prudence. See, and smile, and idle,
As the mood prompts you; but beware of speech.
You're a Camanche and a warrior comrade—
No more a politician. Let your speeches
Be only in your actions. For the warrior
Blows are the proper language; swords and rifles
The proper parts of speech. Our eloquence
We will deliver, with due voice, in season,
Through our shrill bugles. Once more be counselled;
Keen eyes, even now, are watching us—we must not
Again be seen together, 'till the moment
When we must work together. Now leave me
And keep aloof with caution. If you will speak,
Choose you some uncouth Indian dialect,
Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, or Creek,
Either will suit the habit that you wear;
Say little even then. Would you make love,
'Tis but to sign with fingers on the lip,
Sigh hoarsely as a savage might, and mutter
With something of a panther's tenderness,
Whom the fit seizes 'twixt his sleep and supper.
Enough! and now let's separate.
Crockett. Right, Major.
You're always right. We'll make different tracks, then,
And hunt our game apart.
[*Exit Crockett.*
Bonham. [*Solus.*] I see her not. I know not why it is,
But something seems to speak of treachery,
As if a busy tongue beside mine ears
Kept ever more one croaking chaunt of evil.
But who comes here? so gallant in attire,
Like a proud vessel with her full sails set,
And the gay streamers, from her lofty tops,
Coying with heaven's own breezes.

Enter Donna Maria as the princess Papantzin.
[*Bonham recedes at her approach.*

Maria. You fly me, father.
Bonham. Not so, fair princess. I but shrink in wonder
At such a vision.
Maria. You do injustice
To the most holy vestments that you wear,
To shrink from mortal sovereign.
Bonham. But, if true,
The lesson that were taught me, you are not
A mortal sovereign, Lady. If I err not,
You rank among that royal race, which perish'd
In Mexico three hundred years ago,—
The race of Montezuma.
Maria. You have read
Our story but imperfectly: the race
Of Montezuma perish'd; but one Princess
Survived, in state of trance, and still survives.
Bonham. Princess Papantzin!
Maria. The same, good father;
And, by the virtue of that sacred trance,
Which keeps her spell'd by sleep, alternate seasons,
She reads your secret.
Bonham. What secret, Princess?
Maria. The heart that beats beneath that peaceful habit
Is scarce so peaceful!
Bonham. In your spells alone,
Lies the deep guilt of its inquietude.
Maria. Could I believe it, Senor. 'Neath that cowl
The soldier's front is hid. That garb conceals
The Cavalier, whose brave but callous heart
Could rescue beauty from the savage arm,
Yet fling it from his own.
Bonham. You wrong me, Lady.
You do not know this heart.
Maria. Oh, would I did.
Bonham. And why the wish?
Maria. Ah, vain old tyrant, man!
Would'st force me confession? Must I bend,
And, spite of maiden modesty and shame,
Lay my fond bosom bare. The simple wish,
Speaks the heart's secret.
Bonham. This habit, noble Princess!
Your royal state—your ancient family—
The wondrous mystery of your own repose,—
Three hundred years in life, yet blessed with youth,
And beauty—as I doubt not—to this hour,—
Are each enough to guard me from the sin
Of the poor vanity, such as, in your thought,
Has triumph'd over mine.
Maria. No more! No more!—
I am no Princess, Amador—and you
No monk! No monk! I am a woman,—fill'd
With all her passions and infirmities—
Loving as woman seldom loves, and freeing,
Before the man she loves, her secret bosom,
As tame and common love could never free it!
Your arm has saved my life; and in that triumph
Achieved another. Look upon your conquest,
And trample on it with your eyes of scorn,
Or lift it with your love. [*Lifts her mask.*]
Bonham. Donna Maria!
Maria. Ay, Señor—
The proudest heart that beat in Mexico,

Until it met with yours.

Bonham. Why do we meet!

Maria. Nay, tell me not you love, and love another!
Say not that to my cousin's feebler beauties,
Her sad and sighing passion, ill suited
To the brave spirit of ambitious valour,
Your heart is yielded. Know, that, if no Princess,
Such as my habit speaks me—in my bosom
There dwells a regal spirit, whose impatience
Brooks not a rival—brooks not that the heart
It seeks, should not, with ardour like its own
Burn to requite its passion.

Bonham. Dearest Lady,
I am not worthy of this high distinction.
You know me not! My home is desolate,
My fortunes overthrown! My name!—my sword—
My honor, and my will, alone, are mine.

Maria. Why speak to me of fortune? Dost thou fancy,
That she who dares, as I have done, thus boldly,
Beyond the solemn state that guards her sex,
And makes each step, without the narrow pale,
A step along the precipice! dost think,
That such as she gives heed to such obstruction—
Shrinks from the form of poverty, and joys
Only in sleek delights and idle passions!
No, Amador! thy name, thy sword, thy honor,
Are wealth enough for me. If that thy *will*
Be also thine,—thou hast thy answer ready!
I ask thee not to spare me! Speak thy purpose:
I speak to thee as woman cannot speak,
Save, when her heart, filled with one image only,
Forgets the world beside,—its slavish prudence,
And all its worldly policies,—but one.
If thou wilt take me from myself, I am thine!
And, O! believe me, never heart like mine,
Will cling about thy fortunes,—will partake them,
Through scorn, and shame, and grinning poverty,
And smile at all denial—all save thine!
—Speak to me, Amador.—my own speech fails me!

Bonham. Oh! Lady, how you humble me. In vain
Would I essay to answer thee, in language,
Meet in expression, full of thought and feeling,—
Which love like thine deserveth;—but, I cannot!

Maria. I understand thee, Senor. Thy reluctance,
To speak, is my reproach. Thou hast no answer
For burning words like mine! Thou feel'st the shame
That I should feel! Look on my face once more—
Not for its beauties, Senor! See the tide,
Of crimson, that rolls over it. My heart
Feels just such burning billows o'er it now!
My woman nature—maidenhood's deep shame—
For that the desperation of my heart,
Moved me to bare what others would conceal,
Through pangs of fiery torture!—Hear me, Señor—
Thou knowest my secret.

Bonham. It is sacred, Lady.

Maria. It *shall* be sacred, Señor. Dost thou think,
That I were mad to leave in mortal keeping
Such secret of my shame. Impossible!
It must be razed from out thy memory,
Pluck'd from thy heart;—lest, in thy future hours,
It serve, when nights are dull, and sports grow tame,
To cheer, with provocation to new mirth,
Olivia and her Lord.

Bonham. You wrong me, Lady—
Nor less your cousin—

Maria. Señor, on a cast.
I set my maiden fortunes—all my wealth
Of feminine hope, and heart and confidence,
Love that was like devotion—truth, without fear,
Even of the cold world's bitter mockery!
The fates make war upon my luckless cast,
Through thee, their scornful minister! What more!
Canst thou not read the dread necessity,
That drives me, where I would not—into hate!

Bonham. Why hate!—

Maria. Or hate, or love, or—nothing!

Bonham. Nay!
This is but madness, Lady.

Maria. Amador!
Farewell!—Hereafter, when we chance to meet,
Thou'lt mourn, it may be, that so fond a heart,
So full, to its own sorrow and o'erflow,
Was slighted off so coldly. [*Going.*

Bonham. Lady, stay!

Maria. If thou relentest, Amador, but lift
Thy finger; but if not, no words—no words!
Thy hand still keeps thy side. Farewell! Farewell!
[*Exit Maria.*

Bonham, [*solus.*] Was ever such a woman! Soul so proud,
And yet so passionate, was never seen!
So prompt at each extreme; in love and hate,
Equally raging; ready with her life,
To prove her heart's devotion; not less ready,
That heart's devotion set at nought or wronged,
Avenging it with life! I pity her,
From my whole soul; would fear her, but that time
Is hurrying onward to that precipice,
Which, overleapt, between her world and ours,
A mighty track of chasm and cloud prevails,
Must separate our steps, forever more!
Give me the gentler heart, who, loving, trembles
With fear, not less than hope; that has no pride
Save in the loved one; whose humility,
Lofty at lowest, with a grace most winning,
Entreating still, where most it may command;
Takes, as a bounty, its best right, and blessing
For favour shown, is favour'd with love's blessing,
With every show of love. But who comes here!

[*Enter Olivia as a Gipsey Girl.*]

Olivia. Shall I read your thoughts, Father!

Bonham. A hard task,
And a sad volume, pretty sooth-sayer.

Olivia. I like to read sad volumes, at merry seasons.
I'm sometimes sad myself. Your palm, good Father.

Bonham. There! Read it quickly, damsel.

Olivia. Do not hurry me!
Oh, Señor, you're no monk!

Bonham. What am I then?

Olivia. A Cavalier! a gallant gentleman!
And what is more, beloved of a fair lady,
The greatest beauty in this gay saloon.

Bonham. Indeed! But one, my damsel.

Olivia. Oh, me! What vanity!
As if 'twere not enough to win from Bexar
Its highest prize, at once of wealth and beauty,
But you must have a score.

Bonham. But who's the lady, damsel?

Olivia. She who wears
The garb of the great Princess of Papantzin,
She who lies tranced at Mexico, they say,
Even to this hour, still young, still beautiful,
Though twice two hundred years have seen her birth:
—She spoke with you but now

Bonham. You err, my girl!
That lady loves me not.

Olivia. 'Tis you that err,
Through modesty, perchance, your sex's failing;
I know she loves you! By my art, I know it,
And all that live in Bexar will inform you,
How great her loveliness, how vast her wealth:
But you have seen her; have you not?

Bonham. I have!
Olivia. Is she not beautiful?
Bonham. Very beautiful!
Olivia, [*mournfully.*] Ah! I knew you'd think so!
Bonham. Wherefore do you sigh?
Olivia. At your good fortune, Señor. You will be
The envy of all Bexar! 'Tis not often
A stranger makes such conquest. Doubtless now,
You have forgot some other vows: I know it:
Some other maid, in secret sighs—forsaken,
For your new passion.
Bonham. 'Tis I that am forsaken!
Were you, indeed, the mistress of your art,
You'd know that true to all my bosom's pledges,
The maid I loved, who vow'd to me her heart,
Has failed me, and is false!
Olivia. She is not false!
Bonham. Ha! Speak!
Olivia, [*aside.*] Ah, me! my soul; she comes again!
—Señor, behold your conquest, where she comes,
Princess Papantzin. On this talisman,
I close your hand. 'Twill keep you to your faith,
If even in your heart the flame of love,
Burned for another.

[*She closes his hand upon the antique cross, and disappears just as Donna Maria enters.*

Bonham, [*seeing it.*] Ah! can it be! Olivia!
She's gone: I'll seek her! [*Is about to go.*
Maria. Senor, stay!
Bonham. Princess!
Maria. Nay! not another word of mockery!
You know me as the woman that I am,
Most weak when strongest, or I had not come,
Once more, to bare the weakness of a heart,
Already too much scorned!
Bonham. Cruel Lady!
Ungenerous as unjust. Too well you know
Such feeling in this bosom never yet,
Mock'd the fond heart in yours.
Maria. Hear me, Senor!
I said I had your secret. Until now,
I knew not that, beneath this priestly garb,
Other than gallant Cavalier was hid;
But now, indeed, your secret is my own!
You are a traitor here. I know you now,
A Texan rebel; whose position here,
Dooms him to death, a sudden and a sure,
From hands of hate and vengeance!
Bonham. Ha!
Maria. Dost hear!
Your comrade, the Camanche, has betrayed you!
Bonham. How know you this! By whom! How! Where!
Maria. To me he has betray'd you. Thoughtlessly,
Beguiled to speak, he answered me in English,
A tongue I little know; but in the ears,
Of keen suspicion, wrought upon by passion,
The understanding quickens: a brief sentence,
Fell from his lips; but that sufficed to show me,
Your secret, and his own.
Bonham. What secret, Lady?
Maria. Would you evade,—deny? Are you not then,
A Texan? One, who, found in Bexar's walls,
Stands in the two-fold danger of the spy
As well as rebel!
Bonham. To other ears than yours,
Dear Lady, it were easy to deny
Connexion with the man you deem my comrade.
Maria. Himself declared it!
Bonham. Impossible!
Maria. How Senor: my own ears—
Bonham. Deceived you, Lady.
Maria. Nay, Senor, that were more impossible.
My heart was on his accents, for I knew him
Your comrade. I had seen you both together,
Whispering in seeming confidence. At noon
You were in close communion on the Plaza,
Too close to seem the common chance encounter,
Of unconnected strangers.
Bonham, [*aside.*] It needs but time!
How must I play the masquer with the heart,
And lull to sleep the vigilance of hers.
Maria. You muse: You meditate!
Bonham. Methinks it needs,
I should not answer rashly. Grant it said,
This person is my comrade. If I err not,
You are not here in simple mockery,
To tell me of the doom, the shot, the scaffold!
You have a purpose!
Maria. I have a purpose, Senor!
Down woman pride; down, swelling heart; be still,
Ye struggling thoughts of shame, that threaten me,
With worst of human scorn—the scorn of him,
Whose love is all I seek. Oh, gaze not, Senor,
While I declare this purpose. I am come
To buy you with your secret.
Bonham. Do I hear!
You cannot mean it, Lady.
Maria. By my shame,
I do! I do! How low this passion sinks me,
To what abasement of my soul and feeling,
My sex's pride, my maiden modesty,
I need not more describe! Fatal passion,
That flings me, shameless, on unwilling arms!
Bonham. Let me have time to think—to—
Maria. Not an hour!
Speak in your peril, in your hate, your passion;
With all your doubts upon you; all your fears:
—With thought, you will despise me.
Bonham. But one hour!
Maria. Why a moment? The question is your fate or mine:
—Your safety from a doom—a death of shame:
Mine from a life more full of it.
Bonham. One hour;
Give me one hour for thought.
Maria. Alas! I give it;
But you speak coldly. You will play me false;
You meditate escape! Oh, bitterness!
That I should sink to this.
Bonham. One little hour.
Maria. Be it so. 'Tis now eleven; at twelve!
Bonham. My life then, Lady—
Maria. Your love! Your love! O, Senor,
I cannot now be generous! Do not hate me,
If, to the very moment of your promise,
In my despair, I hold you! [*Exit Maria.*
Bonham. Be it so.
The hour must find the answer! I have none.

Enter Crockett.

Bonham. Ah, David, you have ruined me: your tongue!
Crockett. Dang the tongue, say I. I've never been quite the master of it since I went to Congress. But Lord love you, Major, how could you hear of it? It was the merest slip; a fag end of speech; a sort of little end of an argument. The truth is, I was taken in by that Queen, or Empress, or whatever she is. In the very midst of her Spanish talk, not a word of which did I understand, and so warn't bound to answer, you know, what does she do, but pops out upon me some broken English about you, and before I could say Jack Robinson, I had said a great deal more. I hope there's no harm done!

Bonham. Ay, but there is.

Crockett. What shall be done! Suppose I go and make love to her, out and out—in airnest.

Bonham. Do nothing. Be in readiness. Be prudent. Let not your tongue be trapp'd again. An hour Will end your doubts and mine. Away, and leave me. Be not remote; but keep aloof from me.

Crockett. Dickins! But I wish 'twas well over. I feel for all the world as if I was walking in the dark, in a snake country, every step among stings and rattles. [*Going, but returning.*] Oh, look you, Major, I'm thinking you're watched rather closely by that sailor looking critter, yonder; him there by the urn, or vase, or whatever fine people call that great drenching jug. You see him! He turns his head away, as I look towards him.

Bonham. He may mean evil. Keep your eye upon him, And that may save you from a second lapse. But let us separate, now. [*Exit Bonham.*

Crockett. Only give me work to do, if you wouldn't have me in mischief. That sailor's after no good. He turns just as the Major turns, and now he follows him! Well, as there's no lady in the business, I'll play a third. Any hand but Dummy's, which no man can play after he gets popular. That fellow's after no good. He dogs the Major mighty close; but I'll be the dog for him. He shall have teeth, but no tongue! [*Exit Crockett.*

Enter Olivia. Still as the Gipsey.

Olivia. [*aside.*] My cousin does not conquer! Her impatience Speaks in her gesture. Whither has he gone? Ah, there she comes, again! She seems to seek him: I must not meet with her.

[*Exit Olivia.*

[*Enter Maria and Jacintha—the latter as a Shepherdess.*]

Maria. Can it be true! She here!

Jacintha. True, Senora, every word of it; and there, as I live, she's going now! This very moment.

Maria. Where!

Jacintha. There!

Maria. What, the Gipsey!

Jacintha. The very same!

Maria. And they have met: these eyes have seen him with her;
His hand in hers, caressing with their palms.
Oh! Hate! they love. I see his purpose now:
She flies to meet him. Married in an hour,
He will disarm the anger of the father,
By pleading through the daughter. But I'll balk them;
Come vengeance, to thy work. Away from me,
All weaknesses of love. Though scorn'd, though baffled,
Hopeless in heart, exposed to mock and shame,
Revenge shall yet be mine. Hither Jacintha.
Where did you see my uncle?

Jacintha. With Don José and Don Velasquez, at the Monti tables.

Maria. Auspicious: follow me!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A gaming apartment. The Governor, with several persons in military guise, at the table. Don Pedro standing against a column, looking on sullenly. Don Velasquez, of the Cavalry, and Col. Don Sanchez, of the Artillery, at the table, with the Governor.

Governor. I shall surprise you, yet! Upon the red!

Velasquez. The black for me! If I have luck at all, 'Tis in that colour.

Sanchez. Colour of luck for me,
Seems in no colour of the cards to-night.
Methinks, Don Pedro frowns upon our sport:
He does not play.

Governor. Ah, my brave son-in-law,
Don Pedro; where's your spirits!

Pedro. In the red:
If that be deep enough to look like blood.

Governor. You're too bloody-minded! Where's the humour
Of savage thoughts like these! Look to the ladies,
Unless you care to play.

Pedro. Is it not time
That *you* should look to them!

Governor. Ay, very soon: the hour—
I close upon the signal! There! [*Flinging a card.*]

Velasquez. And there! [*Flinging cards.*]

Sanchez. [*flinging cards and money.*] And there am I. The old predicament!
I'll play no more! [*Rises.*

Velasquez. An hundred ounces gone!

Governor. Ha, ha! my worthy colonel.

Sanchez. Done, sir, done.

Enter Maria suddenly. They all rise but Esteban, who does not see her. She touches his arm.

Maria. Sleeps Cæsar, when conspiracy awakes,
And treason, far apart, with mask and dagger,
Watches the fatal moment when to strike.

Governor. How's this. What's this. Ha! my fair princess,—you!
What! with *your* secrets and your stratagems

Maria. Even so. Away with me: your ears awhile
I'll ope them with a vengeance.

Governor. What's all this!

[*Exeunt Gov. and Maria. Scene closes.*

SCENE VI.

As in Scene I. The Bal Masqué. Enter Olivia hurriedly.

Olivia. [*solus.*] His life! The life of Amador! A traitor—
A Texian rebel! He, my love—my soul!
Where shall I find—how save him—from this danger!
Oh, cruel cousin, failing to usurp
The love that was mine only, must thou rob
Him of his life and me of all the hope
That made life precious to me! I must find him—
Save him, or perish with him!

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. My life! My love!

Olivia. My Amador! My heart! You are in danger.
You are betrayed! My cousin, to my father,
Reveals your secret. By a happy chance,
Concealed behind a column in the chamber,
I heard her cruel story—saw the passion
Which, in her face and voice, disclosed the fury
Of woman's passion baffled! She has told him
That, by her arts detected, you confess'd
Yourself a Texian rebel—spy in Bexar,—
You and your comrade. Oh, my Amador,
Even now they threaten. Tell me, is it true:
Are you this traitor!

Bonham. What, if I confess!

Olivia. Ah, me, my heart!

Bonham. The foe to Mexico,
But not to you, Olivia. False, perchance,
To all beside but thee.

Olivia. Alas! my Amador,
What is it that you tell me.

Bonham. That I am true to bee.
Olivia. Are you a Texian?
Bonham. I am.
Olivia. But not a Texian rebel.
Bonham. A Texian citizen! The friend of Freedom,
Rebellious 'gainst injustice—born to fight
'Gainst every tyrant that between the sun,
And man, his victim, rears his giant shadow.
This was the earliest lesson of my youth
Taught by rare ancestors. Among the States,
Honored among the empires of the North,
Stand two fair sisters. On the map behold
The Carolinas! She that nearest lies
To your own land, my love, is land of mine.
Upon the hills of Congaree, I first
Drew breath of freedom. Thence I came to succor
Our friends in Texas. Seeking for the foe,
By Laro's springs, in place of him, I found
A trembling fawn, and Love.
Olivia. My Amador!
Bonham. If still I wage the war with Mexico,
I do it with half a heart—with fettered hands,
For love, that takes the place of hate, disarms
My soul of half its fury. Thou know'st all—
Dost hate me now, Olivia?
Olivia. Hate thee? Oh, no!
How should I hate thee.
Bonham. Hear me, Olivia—
An hour will make me captive to my foes,
Or see my triumph over them. Even now,
Behold, the crowd is stirring. They prepare—
The women disappear. The masques
Survey us from afar. All things declare
For the approaching struggle. Art thou mine?
Wilt thou be mine?—mine only—let the fates
Declare them as they may!
Olivia, Thine—only thine.
Bonham. Then come the foe. Let the wild storm begin;
I'm armed against its dangers. In my heart,
Whate'er the evil without, sits smiling hope,
Secure in sweet communion with the thoughts
That wait on happy love. But hasten thou,
And, in the costume of the nun, prepare
To mate with me in flight. Away! they come.
[*Exit Olivia.*

[*Bonham retires to one side of the stage, leans against a column in an indifferent attitude. Enter on the opposite side the Governor, Don Pedro, Don Velasquez, Col. Don Sanchez, the Bravo, and other masques.*

Pedro, [*to Esteban.*] What! shall we scruple now!
Hold parley here,
In presence of the spy?
Esteban. He hears us not.
Pedro. But sees us, and that's quite enough for shame,
If we stand gazing at him through our fears,
When that one cry, from fiery hate should be,
Upon him, Bravos, at once!
Esteban. You are too rash.
Leave it to me. I'll manage it, my friends,
So that no danger—to the ladies, mark me—
Pedro. They are all gone.
Esteban. Patience! A little stratagem—
Pedro. And where the need of little stratagem
To take or slay one man? We've but to rush—
Esteban. Indeed! and get his bullet in your brains.
No, no. We'll act more wisely. Go you, Sanchez,
And bring a score of men, with muskets ready;
Meanwhile we'll parley with him.
Pedro. Parley with him:
Parley with shame and cowardice!
Esteban. You're but young, Don Pedro, wait the event,
And see the uses of my stratagem:
I'll show you reasons for it.

[*He leads Pedro and the rest up the stage, while Bonham advances, and rests against a column in the foreground. While this takes place, Olivia, in the guise of a nun, has rejoined him; placing herself on the opposite side of the column upon which he leans, and partly behind him.*

Olivia. [*whispers him.*] I am here, Amador.
Bonham, [*with a glad start.*] Ah, faithful! You are here.
Olivia. To die with you!
Bonham. Nay, never say to die. We shall *not* die;
Life is too precious now to me, my girl,
With such a treasure. I have friends at hand;
Have weapons in my grasp. We shall not perish.
Olivia. Harm not my father, Amador.
Bonham. His head
Is sacred in my sight. I will not hurt
A single hair that claims thy love. But hence;
Hide thee within yon niche. They come.
[*Exit Olivia.*

Esteban, Pedro and others re-approach.

Pedro. To falter thus,
With but one foe against a score of us.
Esteban. Ah, but the benefits of stratagem.
You are but young, my son; art brave, but lack
The wisdom that still teaches how to venture,
And calculates the blow before it strikes.
Never press closely on a desperate man;
He drives an ugly bargain for his life,
And gains the odds before he loses it:
We'll parley with him.

[*Advances to Bonham, slowly followed by the rest. Bonham retains his position.*

Esteban. Most reverend father, I implore your blessing.
Bonham. You have it, son.
Esteban. Most fitly answered—with becoming grace,
And holy unction. But most reverend father,
There are about me those, my counsellors,
Sage, grave, and potent gentlemen, brave chiefs,
Famous in battle, next in great repute
To him, the warrior more than all renowned,
Whom Fame has styled "Napoleon of the West"—
I say there are, who somewhat doubt your zeal,
Who make some question of your holiness,
And strangely do proclaim you nothing better—
Bonham. Than hungry wolf in wool of meeker beast.
Esteban. How excellently said. But, reverend father,
Though not without some curious doubts myself,
Methinks they wrong you much; and, with your leave,
I'd ask you certain matters.
Bonham. Cæsar may speak!
Esteban. Full of discernment! Upon your arm, my father,
You bear the holy symbol of your faith,
But do you ever lift it to your lips?
Bonham, [*kissing the cross.*] Behold!
Esteban, [*aside to Pedro.*] He could not do it better, were he the Archbishop
Of Mexico. Tell me that any heretic will kiss
Holy Cross. I know better.
Pedro. Pshaw!
Esteban. Mark the further progress of my stratagem.
Hem!
And now another question, Holy Father.

Bonham. It needs not, Senor. I will spare you trouble,
Spare you some breath, and answer ere you ask me—
I am suspected, first!

Esteban. No, not exactly, but—

Bonham. 'Tis so. I see it in the eyes of all,
And hear it in your accents.

Esteban. Nay, good father! You are too quick, but say that something of this sort is the difficulty, and you will at once see the propriety, and the prudence, and the necessity, of accepting my protection! My officers, you perceive, are furious: it will not be possible to restrain them: they are terrible as lions in rage, and your only hope of safety is in—

Bonham. There needs no parley, Senors. Your fierce warriors,
Are not so dreadful in mine eyes, to make me
Seek your protection. You would have my secret.
'Tis yours! Know me a Texian, and your enemy!

[*Throws off the monkish disguise, and appears as a Texian warrior, with hunting shirt, bowie-knife, sword and belt with pistols.*]

Esteban, [*recoiling.*] My eyes! Was ever such a stratagem!

Pedro. Upon the traitor!

Bonham, [*presenting a revolving Colt.*] Upon him with what appetite you may!
This little weapon counts a score of lives:
Each ready jaw is open for its victims.
Who first! Is't you—or you—or you! What, none!

[*They severally recoil as the pistol is presented.*

What, Cæsar, are these cohorts from Pharsalia!

Pedro. Oh! shame: shall this one traitor mock us thus.
Upon him all at once—but one can perish!

Bonham. And you that one! But ere you muster courage
For deed so brave, I'll summon to the game
An equal set of players. [*Winds his bugle, and that of Crockett's sounds.*
Hear ye that!
And that! [*Another bugle: from the rear.*

Pedro. Treason is busy!

Esteban. What a stratagem!
Ring the alarm bell. Bring up the troops;
Fly you, Don Jose, for the cavalry;
Look, Don Velasquez, for the infantry;
Don Sanchez, see to the artillery:
At once unmuzzle! I will take command.
See you, Don Pedro, to Don Amador;
Let him not escape you. Set upon him, fellows—
Do not fear danger. Fly to it as I do!

[*Exit Esteban.*

Pedro, [*to Comales, the Bravo, aside.*]
Get thee behind him. When we charge in front,
Make in upon him, and with shortened dagger
Make the work short!

Bonham. Ye are slow to quarrel!
Ye lack the violent spirit of your chief,
And do not fly to danger.

Pedro, [*aside.*] He disappears—
Another moment brings him through the chamber,
And the game's ours!
Ho! my brave fellows, must we stand defied
By one foul traitor! Shame upon this baseness;
Give me your hearts and hands. From all your throats
Send up the cry of death—Death to the traitor!

Mexicans. Death to the traitor!

Pedro, [*whistle heard.*] The signal! He is there.
Upon him *now*!

[*Olivia shrieks from behind.*

Bonham. That voice! That shriek!

Crockett. [*from behind.*] Hurrah! She's safe!

[*Struggle heard, and blows, within.*

There's for you, leather jacket;—
A feather for your cap, or I'm mistaken!

[*Bonham is about to turn, when the shout of Crockett reassures him. The Bravo is driven in staggering from a wound in the head, at the very moment when the attack is made on Bonham in front. The Bravo passes between him and Pedro, and receives the shot meant for the latter. At this sight, and the entrance of Crockett, the assailants recoil.*]

Bonham. What, do ye pause! Is all your courage gone,
With one poor puff of battle! Lo, we stand,
My comrade and myself, awaiting you—
But two to twenty!

Pedro. Were our weapons equal,
I'd mate with you alone.

Bonham. Ha! say you so!
Upon these dastards, Davy, like the rush,
Or the flame-torrent o'er the prairie's waste;
Sweep them from sight, while I—This gallant seems
More valiant than his comrades; we must hold
Meet conference together: point to point,
In private. Art thou satisfied! [*To Pedro as he puts up his pistol and draws.*

Pedro. I am!
Look to it! [*Rushes on—they fight.*

Crockett. You have the best of it, Major; you've the man,
But there! I'm good for any twenty.

[*Swings his rifle over his head, and rushing upon them, drives them out.*

Bonham, [*while fighting with Pedro.*] Bravo, comrade,
You've done your work to shame me. Now for mine!
But fly you to the Alamo. It is ours.
I hear the signal. I will follow you!

[*Presses Pedro back.*

Pedro. Hell's curse upon my weakness!

Bonham, [*disarming him.*] 'Tis already. Behold!
A second time, my mercy
Has suffer'd you to live. Beware the third!

Pedro. Demonios! I am blasted. [*Exit.*

Bonham. Now for Olivia,—to a place of safety
She must be borne, and then—my life! my love!

Enter Olivia.

Olivia. Art safe!

Bonham. As love could wish.

Olivia. What mean these clamours, Amador!—that shouting.

Bonham. The sound of combat: said I not, Olivia,
That I had friends and arms! We shall not perish.

Olivia. Ah! but my father.

Bonham. We shall care for him.
But let me bear you to a place of safety.

Olivia. Where!

Bonham. The Convent of La Guayra. Come—away!
The moments now are precious: precious lives
Depend upon them. Fear'st thou me, Olivia!
This Texian rebel, traitor, spy!

Olivia. Ah, no more—
I love thee; fear thee not: will fly with thee!

Bonham. We shall be happy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Donna Maria.

Maria. The Convent of La Guayra!
All is not lost to vengeance as to love;
The serpent now must overcome the dove. [*Exit.*

END OF PART IV.

PART V.—SCENE I.

The streets of San Antonio. The clamor and confusion of a rout, mixed with the occasional uproar, keen and quick, of a melée à outrance. Mexicans, half-armed and in great consternation, flying across the stage, pursued by the Texians. Enter Alabama Davis, Richard Harris, William Harris, and others, with signs of blood and battle.

Davis. This is no fighting, comrade.
R. Harris. Fighting! No—
I'm scarcely breathed for battle.
Davis. Wait awhile;
We soon shall hear from Milam.
R. Harris. He has gone
Against the Alamo.
Davis There'll be fighting there:
It is their citadel.
R. Harris. Let us join him then.
We can do nothing here. We find no foe
Worthy the name. Such panic-bitten wretches
But sicken me to see. What wait we for?
Davis. The signal.
R. Harris. Would it sound then. How I pant
For danger!

[*Bugle sounds lividly at a distance.*

Davis. Hark! We have it now.
R. Harris. Let's away.
W. Harris, [*to R. Harris, putting his hand on his arm.*] Why haste you thus to death?
R. Harris. I seek it, boy.
But you! You follow closely. So much fear,
Yet so much rashness.
W. Harris. My rashness comes from fear;
I dread to stop behind.
R. Harris. You should be with your mother.
W. Harris, [*aside.*] Would I were!
R. Harris Follow me closely. You are, at my side
Much safer than behind.
Davis. [*Sounds of conflict.*] They're at it now.
The shot is sharp and heavy.
R. Harris. Hurra for death!
The old King Death that takes the crown from all,
Whose subjects are the living; throne's the tomb,
Whose columns compass earth. Hurra for Death!
Davis. For victory rather. On, brave comrades, on!
W. Harris. I must go forward. Heaven have mercy on me!

[*Exeunt Davis, Harris and Texians.*

Enter Governor still as Julius Cæsar, with his sword drawn, making desperate passes in the air. He stops breath ess'y.

Governor. Phew! Was ever such a stratagem! That fellow has a head for a prime minister. With what skill, what coolness, what audacity, he led through the whole scheme: and so brave too—that is another merit. Holy Mother! But he looked fierce enough to swallow a regiment. Jesu send that Pedro make mince meat of him. It were my ruin if he does not. What will his Excellency, Señor Don Lopez de Santa Anna, say? Say! He will read my despatches—the rebel army annihilated!—and lo! here it is anew, with San Antonio in their hands Who could have thought it? But there is the Alamo yet. They will eat bullets before they get that. [*Shouts.*] Ha! more shouts. The enemy in front—between me and the Alamo. Cæsar help me! I am good only at the strategic part of the warfare. The subordinate parts—the mere physical struggle,—blows and shouting,—these are for the common soldier. Santa Maria! They are on all sides. They are here, and there, and everywhere. They come. The sounds thicken. At least they shall find me sword in hand.

[*As he is about to rush out, Enter Sparrow, who confronts him. Sparrow is out of breath and almost speechless.*

Sparrow. Ho! ha! who—who are you! An enemy at all events. Have at you, breath or no breath. [*Governor flies, and encounters Crockett at the wing, and is thrown down in the concussion. Sparrow, who has been pursuing him, falls upon and grapples him.*] Ha' ho! The captive to my bow and spear. Shall I *spear* him, or *spare* him?
Crockett. Don't eat him, Sparrow, at all events.
Sparrow. Let him holler 'nough, then.
Crockett. I reckon he would if he could talk English, or if he could talk at all, with such a mountain upon him. Rise, old fellow, you are not upon a horse that you should keep up such an awful juggling. Do you know who you've got under you?
Sparrow. Ay! a fat fellow like myself—with more bulk than breath. Eh! Who?
Crockett. You are straddling no less a person than his Excellency, the Governor of San Antonio.
Sparrow. The devil you say!
Crockett. No. I say the Governor. Up, terrapin, and give him breath.
Sparrow. Breath! By the powers! but that's impossible. Give what I hav'nt got myself? The thing's beyond my generosity. But I'll tell you what I will give him Davy.
Crockett. What?
Sparrow What he wants quite as much—quarter. He lies quiet enough, all but the blowing.
Crockett. And reason equally good for both quiet and blowing, with such a mountain of meat upon him. But don't be too sure of his quiet. He's a famous fellow for stratagems.
Sparrow. Ah, say you so? Then I'll rise with caution and deliberation. [*Rising with difficulty.*] It's one reason why I never like to get down; i 's so very troublesome to get up again. [*Governor groans.*
Crockett. He seems to be relieved. He's coming to. That grunt was good English.
Sparrow. Yes. I understand it. He will probably understand me now. [*Governor rises assisted by Sparrow.* Hark ye, Don Buffalo, your sword, or you shall have mine.
[*Solicits the sword of Esteban with the left hand, while threatening with his bowie knife. The Governor recoils, but yields his weapon.*
Crockett. He takes you at your word. Who says these fellows don't understand English?
Sparrow. Ah, when one speaks *pointedly* to them. We've only to use a steel pen. I'll try him again in English—he gets on so well. Hark ye, Don Buffalo, set forward, or I'll— [*Makes a show with bowie.*
Crockett. He learns famous fast—does just as you wish him.

Sparrow. I'faith, yes. It's wonderful. Hereafter we'll call an American bowie, an English grammar—an accidence—a sort of first Beginner for young Mexicans!—the very rudiments of the language.

Crockett. Ay! and a handful of rifle-bullets, the seven parts of speech—seven is it, or nine!

Sparrow. It don't matter much. They're to learn the language, not we. But I must give this great fellow his third lesson. On, Don Buffalo! [*Pricks him with bowie. Governor winces and goes forward.*

Crockett. That's what you call a bloody noun, Sparrow.

Sparrow. Clearly. You see how he likes to *decline* it. But look you, Davy, what chance of breakfast in these diggings! After such a night as we have had, one is apt to hunger a little.

Crockett. Well, there was a famous fine supper cooking in the Governor's kitchen last night, but I reckon it's all burnt up afore now.

Sparrow. Burnt up, while we stand here doing nothing, literally nothing—for the country. I'll save it though I perish! Show me to this kitchen—this palace. Let them fight who want to. I have done enough for this bout. A man of my years is not expected to be everywhere. My prisoner will answer for me—what I have done. On, Don Buffalo! I'm mighty sorry to hurry a man of your dimensions; but look at mine—and I am in a hurry. But I will be amicable, even while I push you, and I promise you that we will breakfast together at your own tables.

Governor, [*aside and going.*] What a stratagem! What a stratagem! Bexar lost, and Esteban de Montaneros a captive! It is something to be able to say that I was taken sword in hand.

Sparrow. Slide, my good Don of Buffaloes, your speed
Is needful, if we both again would feed.

Crockett. Give him more grammar, Sparrow. Blood and 'ounds,
Try him in verbs, and lesson him in nouns,
Until he learns my maxim which, if spread
Through Mexico, would send 'em all ahead!
[*Exeunt omnes. Sparrow pressing Don Esteban with the point of his bowie knife.*

—

SCENE II.

The flight approaches the walls of the Alamo. A contested battle field. Alarums. The Mexican infantry recovering under Don Sanchez.

Sanchez. We yet outnumber the rebels. We are two to one.
Fear nothing, men of Bexar. It needs only one
Bold effort. Follow me. We'll meet them at the
Northern gate of the Alamo.

Mexican soldier. They're in the Alamo!

Sanchez. What then! We'll drive them out. They are but
Few. We shall keep them fighting on both sides—
Within and without. Come on! God and the republic!
[*Exeunt Mexicans.*

Enter Milam and Texians.

Milam. They fly before us. They can hold no ground
With the old Saxon stock. My merry men,
But one more tug and the whole field is ours!

Enter Crockett.

Crockett. Hurrah! hurrah! the Governor's in our hands,
Captured by Sparrow!

Milam. Hear you that, brave fellows,
The Governor 's in our hands. The biggest beast
In Bexar captive to the smallest bird
That ever flew from Georgia.

Texians, [*cheering.*] Hurra for Sparrow!

Milam. Here's Crockett too—
Brave Dave, himself a host.

Texians, [*cheering.*] Hurra for Davy Crockett—Congress Davy.

Milam. Where's Bonham!

Crockett. Is he not here!

Milam. I have not seen him.

Crockett. We parted soon after your first bugle. We had it, tooth and nail, in the hall-room. Twenty to two; and lathered 'em like all the world. I left the Major with his prize.

Milam. What prize!

Crockett. A woman. The Governor's daughter! He's a fellow that can love and fight in the same breath.

Milam. No doubt he's in the Alamo! ~~Harris~~ there,
With less than thirty men, maintains his ground,
In full possession. The foe without, o'ercome,
And town and citadel alike are ours.
One gallant effort more my merry men,
And you may sleep on glory!

Crockett. Ay, or in it! [*Exeunt.*

Chorus of Texians as they follow.

We will show them that the bold,
Still inherit all the fruits,
And their moustaches and gold,
We will pluck up by the roots!

—

SCENE III.

A wood under the walls of the Alamo. Mexicans partially seen within it. Enter Milam, Crockett and Texians.

Milam. Behold the enemy! They seem prepared,
But will not stand our onset. Follow me,
To victory, and, if I fall, avenge me.
[*Rushes on. A shot strikes him down. The Mexicans shout—the Texians waver.*

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. What! shrink ye from these dastards—men of straw,
That fight in vapour—never show red blood,
Or sicken at sight of it. For shame!
The old Thirteen, the great Southwest, the North,
The Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee,
Countries of Bunker Hill and Saratoga,
Cowpens and Eutaw, Moultrie's isle, Savannah,
Are looking to your actions, as their sons,—
They must not be dishonored! To that howl
Of these faint-hearted Mexicans—these braggarts,
Give answer, my brave comrades, with another,
Shall make them shake with agues. Milam's down!
Stone dead! But what of that: his spirit rises
Above us now, and summons us to vengeance.
Out, bowie knives, and let the work be close;
I'll show ye to begin it. Follow me!
[*Charge. Texians rush onward with a shout. Battle fluctuates. At length the Mexicans disappear—the Texians following, leaving in the field of battle a group, Richard Harris dying, and William Harris supporting his head.*

R. Harris. My head swims round. The shadows on my sight

Grow darker. What I've pray'd for is at hand—
I'm dying! Who is it that holds my hand?
W. Harris. 'Tis I—Will Harris.
R. Harris. Faithful to the last;
You've clung to me in danger. But it's over;
The victory is ours—that's sure;—you're safe.
W. Harris. But you!
R. Harris Will soon be safer still. I'm dying fast!
W. Harris. Oh, God forbid, and spare you!
R. Harris. Wherefore? I
Have rather need of mercy than of life!
W. Harris. May God have mercy on you!
R. Harris. That's right,
Pray for me. I have need of every prayer.
I've been a cold and cruel criminal—
Have spurn'd all natural ties.
W. Harris, [*sobs convulsively.*] Alas! alas!
R. Harris. How is this boy! You sob—you weep for me,
As if I were some dearest relative.
W. Harris. You are! you are! Oh, Richard, look upon me;
Do you know me *now?*
[*Throws off her cap and lets down her hair.*
R. Harris. My reason's gone, I think—or, is it Ellen?
W. Harris. It is! It is!
She that was once your own, your only!
R. Harris. Is
My own—my only still! Hear me, Ellen,
I'll buy your last forgiveness. In my bosom
Search for the packet. It contains the papers
That prove your marriage—the certificate;—
You'll find it sealed with blood!—from Parson Baker.
Believing you had played me false, I slew him,
To hush for ever the last living proof
Of our unhappy union.
W. Harris. Merciful Heaven!
R. Harris. Nor he alone. Your brother John pursued me,
Because of your dishonour—so he deemed it;—
He perish'd by these hands!
W. Harris. Have mercy on him, Heaven!
Let not these murders hang about his soul,
Dragging it downwards.
R. Harris Pray. I'm failing fast.
I loved you all the while—believe me, Ellen;
And when, at last, I found that you were true,
I would have come to you again, but dared not,
Your brother's blood upon my hands and soul.
Come closer—let me hear you; in my ears
Still tell me of forgiveness. Christ! have mercy!
Look down upon me! Would that I had time
For pray'r; but no! I cannot. Death is rushing
Fast on my heart. His icy fingers grapple
My throat. I choke! My dearest Ellen! [*Dies.*
W. Harris. His lips are cold. He stiffens in my arms.
I hear his voice no more. Have mercy Heaven!
Mercy on both! Oh, take us both together!
[*Sinks upon the body as the scene closes.*

—

SCENE IV.

A court of the palace. Pedro and Donna Maria.

Pedro. Art sure of what thou tells't me?
Maria. Ay, as sure,
As pride and hate made jealous of the object
Can make eye, ear and spirit. To Laguayra,
I saw them speed together. Seek her there.
Clothed in the habit of some fallen Texian
One of your followers. Let him bear a message
As if from Amador. Bid her forth to him,
And take her to herself. Bear her away,
Fast as your love may carry you, to Rosas,
There wed her as you may.
Pedro. The plan's a good one.
Maria. 'Tis the only plan.
Pedro. I'll do it.
Maria. And do't at once!
Or, ere another hour he does it for you,
And we are baffled still.
Pedro. I half despond—
So oft already baffled!
Maria. Because too slow!
You linger now, when on the wings of love,
As I on those of hate, your arm should snatch
The pride of conquest from the unwilling fortune.
Go to! are you a lover and a man,
And talk of being baffled. Man or woman,
True to the lordly instincts of their souls,
Are never baffled.
Pedro. You should have been a man.
Maria. Oh! would I had been. Even now, a woman,
Had I but sway'd in counsel—had you listened,
This night had never happ'd. Delay no more,
Lest that the grinning fortune mock you still
With baffled love and vengeance, in full cry,
With "Hadst thou been a man!"
Pedro. I am a man!
Maria. Prove it then,
In 'haviour of a bold one.
Pedro. In one hour,
She shall be mine forever.
Maria. Yield no hour,
But take the fortune in its moment mood,
Or all the golden opportunity
Goes to the common loss. Away with you,
Nor linger at her pleadings. Hearken not
Her cries and supplication. Make your ears
Deaf to all plea, all passion but your own;
And with most absolute certainty make her yours,
In spite of hell or heaven!
Pedro. By Heaven, I will! [*Exit Pedro.*
Maria. Ay! had I been a man, this night of shame
Had never left such record. I have sunk
Deeper than plummet's cast in the deep sea,
In all that makes the glory of our sex;—
Its holy calm, its whiteness, purity—
The all, that far beyond its hope's fruition,
Were needful to its life. I cannot live,
Unless for vengeance. Vengeance must be mine!
And I will have it, if, faithful to his strength,
This man obeys my counsel. She shall fall
From her high pride of place. She knows my secret—
But shall not float, in future state secure,
On the possession. And for him!—for him!
Alas! I love him still!—the fatal passion
Works quivering in my heart, where still one hope
Looks to his pris'n for the generous sunshine
To gladden it with growth. [*Distant cannon is heard.*
The battle rages,
And the deep roar of the destroying cannon
Proclaim the assault upon the Alamo now.
Let them roar on! My soul, in a like tempest,
Glads in the echoes that still speak for passions
As terrible as mine own. But hark!—these voices!
And he—he here already! He pursues her.
Her flight discovered! I must thwart him now—

By proper artifice must check his search,
While Pedro takes the prey. We must gain time,
Or all is lost once more.

[*Veils herself and seems to retire.*

Enter Bonham with Texians.

Bonham. Who's here?

Maria. [*in affected terror.*] Spare me! Protect me, Señor, from this danger—
These ruffian soldiery!

Bonham. Donna Maria!

Maria. Ah, Señor Amador! Alas! I have not sought this meeting.

Bonham. Yes, 'tis well,
Dear lady, that we meet. These are not hours,
When, without proper guardianship, your sex
May rove the streets of Bexar. Be't my care
To have you guarded to a place of safety,
Where you will find your uncle.

Maria. Ah, Señor! can it be
That I have forfeited the happy claim
I had upon you in less hapless hours?

Bonham. What mean you, lady?

Maria. Do I hear aright?
You yield me to the fierce and brutal soldier,
For guardianship, at this all-licensed hour,
When plunder keeps the city, and blind fury
Whets every fearful passion known to man!

Bonham. The men who shall attend you—

Maria. Better none.
I thank you, Señor: leave me to my fate!

Bonham. Oh, lady, how you wrong me: but with *me*
I pray you be secure. Wilt suffer me,
To guard you to Don Esteban?

Maria. Señor, perchance
I cross more pleasant duties. You have cares
That ne your presence elsewhere.

Bonham. None to suffer,
By seeing you in safety.

Maria, [*aside.*] Ay, cheat thyself with that, until too late,
Thou wakest, to know that woman conquers still,
And, weak in vulgar weapon, works by will!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

—

SCENE V.

A chamber in the castle, the Alamo, Governor Don Esteban de Montaneros seated at a table. Writing materials before him.

Don Esteban. [*Solus.*] Was there ever such a stratagem! And how to report it to his excellency, Señor Don Lopez de Santa Anna! That *I* should live to be surprised—surprised in my own castle. Taken prisoner. Captured by a single man. Nay, he was no *single* man. His name was Legion. Besides there were two, and I was taken *sword in hand.* Not taken until I was overthrown, with a matter of twenty men upon me. That is a point of which something must be made. The dispatch must be eloquent when I reach that part. But to account for the surprise. What shall be said about that. Ha! I have it. Treachery in Mexico. Don Amador de Aquilar—an assumed name perhaps; but, assuredly a Mexican; a native born citizen of Mexico—one of the deadly enemies of Santa Anna; seeking to sell the country to the Texians, as the Yucatanese have already sold theirs. It was no Texian force at all—very far from it. Mexicans all, every man of them—creatures of some chief conspirator in the great city. Let Santa Anna look to it—captured, sword in hand, overthrown. I see his danger. I will warn him of it. No want of vigilance can be charged on me, I'm thinking. Ha! here he comes, Don Amador.

Enter Bonham and Maria.

Bonham. Your excellency. I kiss your hands.

Governor. Don Amador, you are very welcome.

Bonham. Señor, I bring your niece as to a place of safety.

Esteban. What, my princess. Ah! you see me not as when we met last night. Such is the fate of war. Julius, himself, was not superior to its vicissitudes. The great Hannibal yielded to stratagems. Scipio was not always successful; and shall I be so presumptuous as to expect from fortune what she did not always grant to Cæsar, Pompey, Hannibal and Scipio. No, no, modesty forbids the notion. It would be sheer vanity. I must look for adverse winds. I must expect an occasional cloudy day. My own genius is not always equal. The warrior sometimes sleeps as well as the poet. There was a luckless moment which found me napping. Unhappily just then, my enemy was wakeful. What a coincidence. But a single moment, and see the consequences. Behold me now, a prisoner. But where's your cousin—where's my child, Olivia.

Bonham. In safety at the convent of LaGuayra,
Whither I go to bring her.

Maria. Nay, you need not.

Bonham. Need not, lady.

Maria. You will not find her there,
Because of certain stratagems of mine,
To make her safety certain. Ere this hour
She is Don Pedro's bride, and speeds away
To the fair town of ~~Goliad~~, or perchance
To Tuscasito.

Bonham. Ha! Don Pedro's bride—
In flight to Tuscasito.

Esteban. Well, let them go—
I always meant her for Don Pedro, and don't
See why they should have fled at all.

Maria. Ay, but our conqueror does, if I mistake not.
He meant her for his own.

Bonham. I did. 'Tis true. I should have asked your blessing
Upon our mutual loves.

Esteban. Don Pedro has been hasty. A good fellow,
But with no taste for stratagem.

Maria. There you mistake. It was by stratagem
He won his bride at last. Don Amador,
'Twas I that counselled him, that, at LaGuayra,
Olivia lay secure. 'Twas I that taught him
To clothe his follower in the Texian garb,
And with a specious message, as from you,
To win her to his arms. 'Twas I that next
When you were pressing on his flying steps,
Arrested yours and gave the needful time,
To make the stratagem sure. I crossed your path,
Pretended woman fears I never felt,
And we are here together while they fly,
Unchecked to Tuscasito.

Bonham. Say no more.
Oh! treacherous woman, hateful to the last.
What has your malice wrought!

Maria. My dear revenge,
The only triumph of defrauded love.

Bonham. 'Tis not too late.

Maria. Before you reach La Guayra,
They will have wed.

Bonham. False prophetess, in vain
Your hateful story. Never will Olivia
Consent to his demand.

Maria, [*in low tones, approaching him.*] He asks her not.
Nurse not this flattering fancy in your thought,
For resolute to make my triumph sure,
And leave your heart as desolate as mine,
I whispered him that woman, in her mood,
Is never more consenting than when most
She makes denial. Bade him never heed
The outward show of anger in her eye,
Or its sharp, bitter accent on her lips;
These, did I say, were natural to the weak,
The frail protectors of the woman's secret.
So stubborn is he made by my tuition,
I tell thee, Amador, he will make her his,
Though the last accent on her palsied tongue
Be gasped in mortal agony.
Bonham. No more.
Woman, away. I'll hearken thee no more.
[*Bonham rushes out.*
Maria. He has it here. Ha! Ha! he has it here.
[*Press s her hand upon her heart, and suddenly sinks, swooning into the arms of Don Esteban.*]
Esteban, [*supporting her to seat.*] Jesu! Was ever such a stratagem!
[*Scene closes.*

SCENE VI.

A wood near the convent of LaGuayra. The convent seen in the distance. Pedro discovered in the wood.

Pedro, [*watching.*] He's lost within the gate. 'Tis my last hope—
The project is a good one. That old fool,
And dastard, Esteban, would surely name it
A stratagem. 'T - something more than his;
More like to be successful. How my soul
Burns with impatience. Love and hate unite
To goad me into phrenzies of new passion,
That will not let me rest. Thanks to this woman;
Her subtle wit be honored, that, at last,
When most I felt despondency could rouse me,
To hope and to performance. Whence her malice,
I neither know nor care, but if it prospers,
I'll take her as my counsellor through life.
Holy Maria, be my patroness,
Give me to triumph now above my foe,
That fierce and wily enemy, and claim
My homage ever after.
Mexican soldier. The gates unfold, my lord.
Pedro. Thanks, holy virgin. Thanks! We have her now.
She's ours. She comes. And victor in the end,
Though Bexar and the Alamo both be lost,
I bless my happy fortune. Hark, aside,
Spread yourselves, soldiers, but concealed be nigh,
So that we lose her not again. She comes.
Enter Olivia and Mexican in disguise.
Olivia. Where do you lead me? Where is Amador?
Pedro, [*emerging from shade.*] Here's one who loves you better.
Olivia. I am lost, Don Pedro.
Pedro [*takes her hand.*] Nay, saved.
Olivia. Unhand me, Señor.
Pedro. You strive in vain. My arms are thrown around you,
Never to loose again. Your father's rights,
And mine, beneath his sanction, both demand
That, with a gentle force,
Olivia. This violence—
Pedro. Is but the action of a faithful love
That will not lose its labor.
Olivia, [*screams.*] Ambassador! Ambassador.
Pedro. How like a child,
You waste your feeble strength in feebler struggles.
You call in vain. Within the Alamo's walls
Your traitor lover lies. Would you oppose
Your woman strength to mine?
Olivia. Ay! though I perish.
Sooner than yield to thee, I welcome death.
My Amador. Oh! come to me and save.
Pedro. Your shrieks are vain. Your struggles! I must use
The needful force for safety.
Olivia, [*faintly.*] Amador! Help.
He carries her out struggling. Scene closes.

SCENE VII.

Another part of the wood. Enter Bonham with Texian soldiers.

Bonham. Methought I heard a cry. A woman's voice.
'Twas from this wood it rose, and look, the marks
Of strife upon the ground.
1*st Texian.* A woman's track.
Bonham. 'Tis hers! 'Tis hers! That fury's tale was true.
Follow me, comrades, as you love me, follow.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE VIII.

The Forest. Pedro and party hurrying Olivia in flight.

Pedro. We are past all danger, and you strive in vain,
Submission now were wisest. You are mine.
Olivia. Oh! hateful, how I loathe thee. Never in vain
The struggle against injustice—never wise
Submission to the criminal. If I call
Vainly on him I love, the God who hears
Will send me a deliverer. Hear me, Heaven—
My Amador. Where are you. Amador?
Bonham, [*from the forest.* Here, my Olivia, here.
Pedro. Pursued? Demonios!
Olivia. Safe, O! safe.
Bonham, [*bursting in—Pedro releases Olivia and turns upon him.*] Ah, villian, you are sped.
Pedro. Fiends light upon you.
Olivia, [*passing behind Bonham.*] Oh! Amador,—you save me twice.
Bonham. [*To Texians.*] Drive out this scum while I d- rich this ruffian.
Texians with a shout rush on Mexicans and drive them out.
Bonham. [*To Pedro.*] Twice have I spared you, villain. When but late
You sunk before my arm, I bade you then
Dread our third meeting. We *have* met and now
Look to your weapon. Mercy from my breast
Is banished. This last villainous assault
On one who hates and scorns you, has rooted out
All seeds of pity. On your sword your life.
Be ready.

Pedro. I am ready. 'Tis my weapon
And not my will that fails me. If I perish,
Know that in death I hate thee still, as now,
While living, I defy thee.

Bonham. This sounds well.
Stout manhood somewhat qualifies the shame
That stamps the villain's brow. Yon tree, Olivia
Will shield you from the sight of bloody strife—
The man who dreads not foes his crimes have made
Is not unworthy of them. Sob not thus
Thou would'st not unnerve me, dear Olivia,
And make my heart as tender as thine own.
(To Pedro) Art ready. Fix thy foot upon the turf,
Thou soon shalt sleep on. Look thy last to heaven,
Thou soon shalt face for judgment. To thy prayers
As well as weapon. Now say.

Pedro. Point.

Bonham. Guard—
And now good sword be true,—good arm be strong,
Good eye be vigilant, and heaven be good.

[*They fight. The sword of Bonham snaps suddenly.*]

Pedro. Ha! Ha! 'Tis mine. The day is mine.

Olivia. [*rushes out from tree.*] Spare him. Oh! spare.

Pedro. Death.

[*Thrusts vengefully—Bonham parries with left arm, closes—draws bowie knife and stabs Pedro to the heart.*]

Bonham. Ay, death, but 'tis to thee
Fool! did'st thou think
My life was placed on worthless steel like that.

Pedro, [*falls.*] Hell's curse upon thee. Thou hast won the game
At mine own color—the red. Help, ere I fall. [*Dies.*]

Bonham. From this spot, Olivia.

Olivia. Thou art hurt.

Bonham. A scratch.
Thou safe and in these arms, I feel no hurts—
Let us away. Look not upon this sight,
'Twas needful for my safety as for thine
We're victors now. I will recall my soldiers,
Then bear thee to thy father.

Olivia, [*sounds bugle.*] He is safe.

Bonham. [*To Texans who reenter.*] As thou could'st wish him.
Take up the body,
See it well bestowed,
With honorable burial. Follow me.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE IX.

A court in the Alamo. Crockett and Sparrow meeting.

Crockett. The very bird I have been looking for, the smallest of birds, and the most pert. Sparrow, I've a message for you. You are wanted.

Sparrow. Where! For what! Is a man never to have rest. Is he always to be marching and fighting, without rhyme or reason, song or supper.

Crockett. Ah! there I have you. I can put you in the best of humors by a single word. You are bidden to the supper.

Sparrow. I'll come! What's for supper!

Crockett. You do not ask who gives it?

Sparrow. I do not care. There are only two parties to a supper. The man that eats and the thing that is eaten. I am willing to be the one, and I've done all that is decent and civil in asking after the other.

Crockett. Well, it will be a rare supper.

Sparrow. That'll please me. I'm rather an Englishman in that respect. I can't have your *done* meats. No, the blood nicely trickling still from under the brown edges, and I am pacified. A rare supper for me always.

Crockett. Bonham gives it, and the governor has a hand in it; so it ought to be good.

Sparrow. Why the devil should the governor have a hand in it before any body else!

Crockett. Good reason. It's his daughter's wedding supper.

Sparrow. Ho! Ho! I see. Bonham's to marry her Well, he's a good fellow. I'm sorry for him.

Crockett. Why sorry. She's a good fellow too

Sparrow. There's a pair of them, and that's reason enough for some people why they should be paired. But except the supper which comes with it, and which, I suppose, reconciles so many persons to the thing, I could never see any fun in a wedding. It's a melancholy solemnity always.

Crockett. But you hav'nt answered me. Will you come!

Sparrow. Count certainly upon me. I never disappoint good suppers. I am never cold when they are warm.

Crockett. You'll be at the wedding also, won't you!

Sparrow. Ah! that's another matter. I'll think of that.

Crockett. [*Bugle sounds—enter Davis.*] That bugle, Davis.

Davis. 'Tis Travis. He takes command. Bonham is to leave us; to take de patches to Sam. Houston. Have you heard the news!

Crockett. Any from the States? Old Tennessee, or Congress.

Davis. D—n Congress. It's made up of old men's souls and old women's tongues, and a buzzard is the only means of communicating between them.

Sparrow. That's only since David left. He was the leader of that body, and his decency went so far that he refused to spit in the president's silver spittoon, and emptied five finger basins at a draught Say you, Davy, is it true that when the waiter brought you a soupplate of soup, you ordered him to bring the tureen!

Crockett. God bless you for a sweet singing Sparrow. But many a fool has left on record the report of his own braying, printed under the name of a better man. But let's hear the news that Davis brings.

Davis. The news is nearer home. They say that Santa Anna is marching down upon us with twenty thousand men.

Crockett. We must stand a siege then!

Sparrow. Never think of it without laying in a plentiful stock of provisions. A six months siege, for a force like ours, would need eight hundred beeves, one hundred barrels of buffalo tongues.

Crockett. Enough! you shall be made commissariat to see to these things. You'll be at the wedding, Davis.

Davis. Ay! and the supper too.

Sparrow. You'll ask too many, Crockett. A supper table should be select. I hate to see it crowded.

Crockett. Except with meats! Has any one seen Kennedy? We want him for the singing.

Davis. He'll sing no more! He fell at the first rush. Poor Harris, too; you heard about his wife!

Crockett. A sad story that.

Davis. He was a bad fellow, by all accounts, but died repenting,—and died fighting.

Sparrow. Let me die eating. If any thing can lessen the pangs of death, it is that you have the means of satisfying the pangs of appetite. You'll see a bird, or beast, dangerously wounded, still eat ravenously. Some fa-

meous naturalists have gouged out a buzzard's eyes, and plucked off a bird's wings, and, by seeing them eat freely have convinced themselves that the poor devils were not a bit conscious of suffering or loss. I confess, however, I'm not exactly satisfied. If the thing be true, it only proves that God gave the poor things very unnecessary and burdensome appendages.

Crockett. By the powers, Sparrow, before you became a sparrow, you must have been a wolf. What you'll be hereafter, it's hard to guess. You'll be at the supper, I suppose?

Sparrow. In some shape,—yes. [*Ex. Sparrow.*

Davis, [*to Crockett.*] We'll go together Davy. I have something for your own ear. [*Exeunt.*

—

SCENE X.

An apartment in the Alamo, splendidly prepared and lighted brilliantly. The Governor in state, with Bonham, Crockett, Davis, Sparrow, and other Texians, with Mexican officers, &c. Olivia, with Duenna and Ladies, appears in the back ground.

Esteban, [*coming forward.*] Señor Don Amador,
these are all your friends;
They know the full conditions made between us
Touching the town of Bexar and its people.
You leave us, and, at parting, take from me
My heart's best treasure. You will honor her,
Protect her, love her; be to her what I
Have toiled to be through seventeen happy years,
While I have been her father. You'll find in her,
If that you use her rightly, such a treasure,
As man can find in woman's love alone,—
In her's not always. Here, my child, Olivia:
Give me your hand. 'Tis yours, Don Amador.
Be witness Señores.

Bonham. Sir, I take the gift,
Not ignorant of its value. 'Tis a treasure
Such as I still shall cherish in my heart,
Secure from spoil without, secure from hurt
From erring mood of mine.
In other lands,
Where'er our lot is cast—whether we build
Our cabin here in Texas, or afar,
Among my native hills of Congaree,
Erect our happy roof-tree, in my heart,
As fondly as in yours, her happiness
Shall be the creature of my busy thought,
From sunny dawn of morning until night.
To this, with solemn pledge, in sight of heaven,
I bind my soul forever.

Esteban. She is yours!

Olivia. My father, O! my father!

Esteban. Speak, my child.

Olivia. If I have vex'd you, father—If, capricious,
I've given unheeding ears—

Esteban. Never! Never!
You still have been a child most dutiful;—
Will be a wife. Go to him. Make him yours
By love, by duty, and by gentleness,
As you were mine. My faith is in his pledges;
He will not wrong the venerable white
Of this old head, by harming hair of thine.
Kiss me, my child. I bless you ere I yield you!

Crockett, [*to Sparrow.*] Dang it, Sparrow, he's a sensible old gentleman after all. I can't tell what he said exactly, but I understand what he meant to say.

Sparrow, [*to Crockett.*] He's giving away his daughter—that I see, and he behaves well. I'm a little sorry I squeezed him so hard, when I had him down. But stay! Who's this?

Crockett, [*to Sparrow.*] Dickins! The Princess.

Enter Donna Maria, supported into the midst and laid upon a sofa.

Bonham, [*aside.*] She here!

Olivia. My cousin!

Esteban. My poor Maria! You were wrong to come.
You only harm yourself.

Maria. I know it, uncle;
But could not bear, at such a time as this,
My childhood's first companion and my friend
To lose forever, with no word, no prayer,
For pity and forgiveness. You, too, Amador,
Ah! look not thus upon me. Never more
Shall my wild passion, wrought to madness, vex
Your generous nature. See the ravage here
Of twelve short hours. A week—another day—
And you will yield that tear upon my grave,
Your heart denies me now.

Bonham, [*aside.*] There's mischief in her eye!

Maria. Olivia! Cousin!

Olivia. Dearest Maria!

Bonham, [*aside to Olivia.*] Stay! Do not go!

Maria. Alas! you love me not. My moment madness
Has turn'd your heart aside from me. A life
Is blasted in a moment. Fifteen years
Of childish play and prattle—girlhood's dreams
Still nightly interchanged—dear confidence
Such as youth only cherishes—all gone—
Forgotten, as if never known, or worthless!
Will you not grant forgiveness? I have wrong'd you,
But that was in my madness! See you not
I cannot wrong you now. This face no more
Shall wear the smiles of conquest—as this heart
Must banish all those feeble hopes and feelings
That led it once astray. Speak to me, cousin;
But say that you forgive me.

Olivia. Why forgive?
You've never wrong'd me, cousin.

Maria. Ay! but I have;
Cruelly wrong'd you. But that time is past.
I've wakened from my dream, I loathe myself,
Now that 'tis over. Cousin, think of me
With sorrow and with pity, when beneath
Your foreign roof, secure in happy love,
You think on me ~~hereafter~~ hereafter.

Olivia. Ah! speak not so;
Still must you live—still conquer.

Maria. Amador,
Tell her it cannot be!

Bonham. Wherefore, 'ady,
So very young—so beautiful as thou?

Maria. No more! I must not hear you! Blessings, cousin,
Be on you. There! now bear me to my chamber—
My work is done—the latest task is ended—
Now welcome death.

Olivia. Oh, cousin, speak not thus!
You rend my heart.

Maria. I would not—yet I must!
Farewell! Be happy! Yet we should not part
Without one fond embrace, one farewell kiss.

Olivia, [*approaching Maria.*] Sister—cousin!

Bonham, [*anxiously—aside.*] I like it not—beware!

Olivia, [*aside to Bonham.*] Oh! sure we cannot now
deny her this.
I have ever loved you, cousin. In my heart,
Where'er I go, will think of you with fondness,

Having a thousand things in memory,
Of what we were together. This embrace—
Maria. Is death!
Ha! There! [*Attempts to stab her, rises from the sofa and draws forth a concealed dagger.*
Sparrow, [*arresting the blow.*] The woman's mad!
Esteban. Jesu! Was ever such a stratagem!
Maria. Still baffled!
Bonham. Disarm her!
Maria. That ye shall not. See!
[*Stabs herself.*
Bonham. Horrible! It is a fatal blow!
Maria. Or it were mockery.
Go to your beauty, Amador. She faints!
I die, but faint not! Yet one look! I loved you;
I love you to the last! Oh! Amador,
She cannot love as I have done. This hand,
That smote its kindred heart, had, in your cause,
Borne weapon 'gainst a thousand foes—but now!
Support me, Amador. Your arm; yours only—
God! how I loved this man! [*Dies.*
Bonham. 'Tis over now—
Olivia!

Curtain drops while the characters group themselves around her.

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